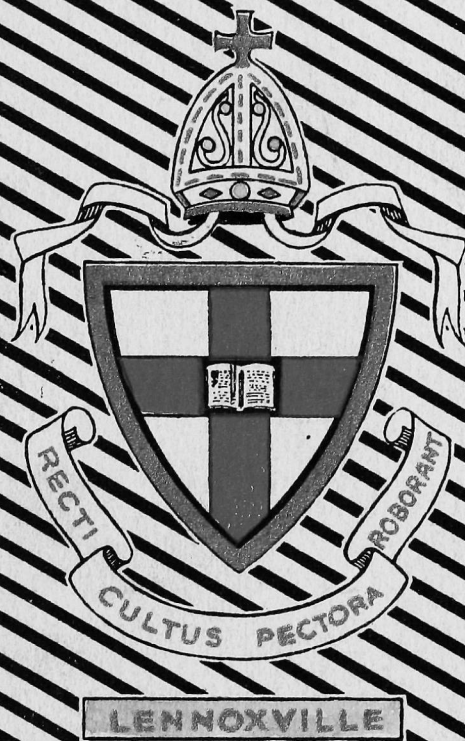


1925

B.C.S.



Xmas, 1925

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ESTABLISHED 1889



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Bare Wire, Round, Square or Shaped



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Rolling Mill: Brockville*

BRANCHES: Toronto Winnipeg Regina Calgary Vancouver

Bishop's College School

Lennoxville, Que.



Headmaster

S. P. SMITH, M. A., Oxon



Headmaster, Preparatory School

A. WILKINSON, Esq.



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THE HEADMASTER



Secretary-Treasurer, LEWIS BRIMACOMBE, Esq.
180 St. James Street, Montreal.



School Officers, 1925



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R. R. MACDOUGALL G. W. HALL
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R. G. AITCHISON D. LUTHER
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G. E. AULD, Secretary

Basketball

L. BLINCO, Captain
W. MITCHELL, Secretary

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Business Managers: R. A. MONTGOMERY, G. E. AULD
Secretary: G. W. HALL
Sports Editors: W. MITCHELL, R. G. AITCHISON
Exchange Editor: R. R. MACDOUGALL
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 {IV J. P. CLEGHORN, IIIA I. OGILVIE, IIIB R. KENNEY

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Librarians: N. T. NEEL, A. M. BOULTON

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President: MR. YOUNG
Vice-President: A. BREakey
Secretaries: B. I. MCGREEVY, R. A. MONTGOMERY
Poet Laureate: R. B. JOHNSTON
Treasurer: R. G. AITCHISON
M.C.: J. L. G. CARSLY

Dramatic Club

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Vice-Pres: R. R. MACDOUGALL, R. G. AITCHISON
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Cup Committee

W. REVERE
R. N. TAYLOR

Picture Committee

W. REVERE
R. N. TAYLOR

Foreword

While New Year's Day may be the best day to make good resolutions, Christmas Day is perhaps the best day to keep them. Commemorating the most beautiful episode in the history of the world, it is associated by tradition with the intimate charm of family life and with the best of feelings towards our fellow men. The more we can cherish a Christmas spirit throughout the year, the better Canadians we shall be.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "J. W. Stewart", is written above a horizontal line.



E. W. BEATTY, K.C., President C.P.R.
Chancellor of McGill University

Page of Honour

1924-25



FOOTBALL

Won 7 games out of 8, and beat the Montreal Inter-Scholastic Champions.



HOCKEY

Won 9 games out of 11.



BASKETBALL

Won all games.



CADET CORPS

Won the Governor-General's Shield for the Dominion of Canada.



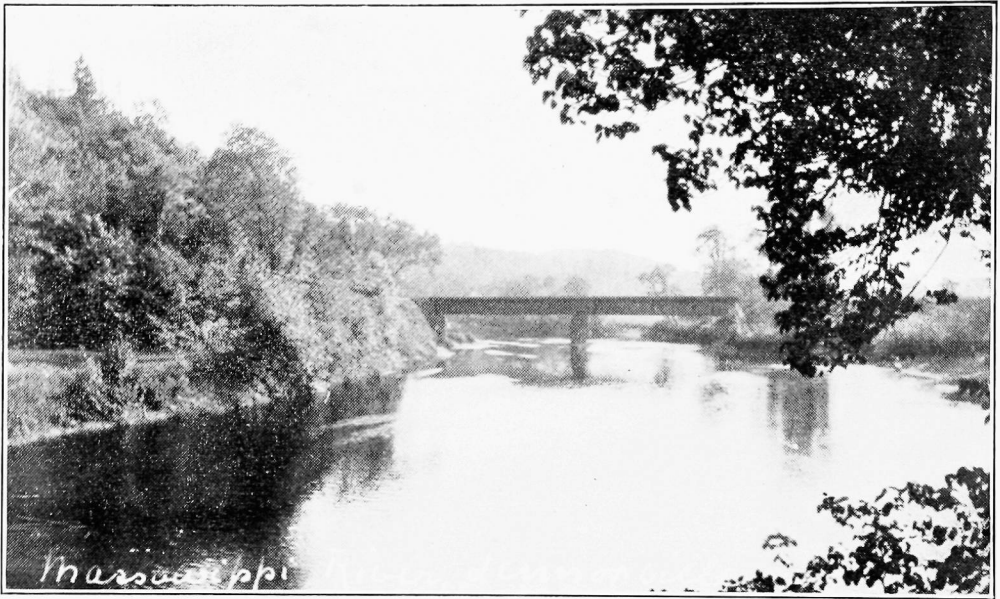
McGILL

Arts and Science combined: 4 out of the 7 who passed were B.C.S. boys.



TROPHIES WON

Shirley Russell Cup, the Molson Cup, Governor-General's Shield.



FROM THE SHORT BRIDGE.

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Magazine Staff

Editor

R. L. YOUNG, ESQ.

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A. BREakey

B. I. McGreevy

Sports Editors

R. G. AITCHISON

W. MITCHELL

Business Managers

R. A. MONTGOMERY

G. E. AULD

Secretary

G. W. HALL

Exchange Editor

R. R. MACDOUGALL

*Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and
mumming,
So we battled it like men, not weakly sulked
or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each
was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag
behind!*

ROBERT BROWNING

This tablet is placed
here in honour
of the boys of
Bishops College
Preparatory School
who gave their lives
in the service of their
King and Country
AD. 1914-1918

Fuller of faith than of
fears Fuller of
resolution than of
patience Fuller
of honour than of years

Hugh Allan
A Cecil M Doucet
Eric Graham
Donald S Gwyn
Kenneth W Husband
E V Iremonger
Maurice E Jaques
J Hewitt Laird
Charles S Martin
Lennox Robertson
Allan Routledge
Harold A Scott
Edward A Whitehead
Gerald E Wilkinson



Recti. cul-
lus. pectora
roborant



Divus Georgius Christianorum militum puginator.

Sons of Great Britain
forget it not there be
things such as Love
and Honour and the Soul
of Man which cannot be
bought with a price and
which do not die with Death

Editorial

"Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard."

Lindsay Gordon.

In retrospect, as the years pass, we seem to be constantly standing on the door-step speeding the parting guest and welcoming the newcomer, and the passing of the years seems to be marked by the degree of reluctance with which we make these farewells, and this reluctance is again modified by the degree of honour which each guest has brought to the School; while he, for his part, will measure his farewell by the same standard plus the degree of enlightenment he has attained, to appreciate relative values: while one boy will triumphantly bear away with him, as his treasure, gold, silver and precious stones; another, who does not know the theory of relative values, will carry imitation: glittering new coppers; the barbarians will be contented with glass beads.

However, few of them, we hope, will henceforth be attracted by bourgeois polish.

Odious as self-congratulation may be, it is clearly the duty of the School to pay honour where honour is due. Rarely, if ever, has B.C.S. had a more brilliant year than the past one. *Palmas qui meruit feral*; and We dare not presume to let this opportunity pass, though we inherit:

*"Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air."*

without saying a humble word in praise of those who deserve the highest praise a School may be permitted to give. It is generally conceded that the most important thing in a school boy's life is Football. Judging by that criterion, the praise we give them will not be considered undeserved, as a glance at our "Page of Honour" will shew: they only lost one game; they beat the inter-scholastic champions and won the Shirley Russell Cup. In Basketball they won everything. In Hockey they won nine out of eleven games and the Molson Cup. Then—and this is a fresh laurel for B.C.S.—they won the Governor-General's Shield for the Dominion of Canada. This year an extra bonus has been tacked on and we come second. Again, the tone of the School could not easily have been entrusted to more faithful guardianship—but that is the subject for a story. Finally, the five boys who tried for R.M.C. succeeded. Of those who wished to enter the University of McGill, two have not, as yet, completed their matriculation. Some of the results are worthy of note, and, we think, they include a few records for the School: All boys who took Latin in the Sixth passed; including the Fifth 30 out of 31 papers were passed. In the Sixth 12 out of 13 boys passed in Chemistry. Every boy in the Sixth passed in English Composition, and in the Fifth all of those who sat for examination. Including Literature in the Sixth 37 out of 39 papers were passed altogether in English. Every boy in the Sixth passed in French Grammar; including the Fifth 53 out of 57 papers were passed in French. In Algebra 21 out of 23 boys passed, while two of them got 100%. These facts speak for themselves.

As regards this year's football; and still bearing in mind what we said with regard to the high place that is generally conceded to this game in school life; we come to the point where we fail miserably—in results. Were we to obey orders we would merely catalogue a list of failures, but, to do so would involve our being traitors to our convictions, which we must state as boldly as we dare. We refuse to judge solely by results and disregard entirely strenuous effort and that fighting spirit which still fights on for the point of honour when the point of utility has already been gained, or which fights on when everything is lost; were we to do so Courage would stoop and blast us with scornful eyes. Nearly all the stalwarts of last year's victorious team had left and there remained a comparatively young squad whose chief asset was their dauntless spirit, conspicuously present at every encounter; to take a concrete example of one of the latter: We remember the return, at nightfall, of the remnant of a team, i.e., two boys not on the casualty list—the remainder coming in conveyances adapted to their different degrees of incapacity—after an engagement with a School and College team combined whose ages ranged up to twenty-three years. Still, not one of them would have exchanged that experience of fighting and exhibition of viscera for the greatest victory. We do not seek to minimize our failures, but we do seek to put on a pedestal, dauntless courage. Furthermore we place it on record that we would rather fail miserably fighting with such fellows than share the laurels with a less sporting team.

*"Fight on, my men, says Sir Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slain;
I'll lie me down and bleed a-while,
And then I'll rise and fight againe."*

We return to the less important factors of school life. To the negligible few of us who consider school work equally important with Football, it is very gratifying to know that just as last year was one of our most brilliant years in athletic activity, so this year is in intellectual ability. A glance at the papers the present Sixth has already passed, published on another page, will demonstrate this.

All the other activities of the School have spoken, or speak in this issue, for themselves, with the exception of Riding. Nevertheless, Riding has its devotees, and some of us have enjoyed many a wild gallop over the hills, returning as late as possible with Will Ogilvie's "Hunter's Moon" which, by the way, is a Queen and She

*" hath her lovers,
Who canter home on the drifted leaves,
And many a man in the dark discovers
Her silver kiss on his scarlet sleeves."*

The latter were conspicuously absent; however, let us continue:

*" . . . Miles grow gay for him,
Night grows day for him
Long wet leaves with her smile are strewn;
Care makes way for him."*

and that is exactly what we found and we commend the experience to every fellow who wants to forget School for an afternoon and return "fit for anything."

The Rink has been a great source of interest since Thanksgiving, to the planning of it the Headmaster has devoted all his spare moments; late hours find him still scanning the plans, with microscopic eye devising some fresh improvement. We sincerely hope that an Old Boys' team will come and "try it out" and innovate an annual match, of equal importance with those of Football and Cricket.

Our Old Boys have our best wishes, and, especially, those who have just left us. We hear from, or about, most of them regularly and we hope they will continue to keep in touch with the school; they may be quite confident that we will watch their careers with interest. We are convinced that they will all look back on B.C.S. as their intellectual home, rather than to College, as having left a deeper influence on their character; to a large extent because selfish individual development, which has in it a germ of sure destruction, is absent here.

Again, as they bid us "*au revoir*" year by year and take their places in College and in life, they, in reality, are the exponents of Public School teaching and justify its existence, which can continue to be of consequence—apart from its social side and its ability to produce "decent fellows"—only if it proves its competence (as it has done in the past) to raise academic standards, train superior students and produce leadership in service to democracy and the Empire.



IN A GLADE

Let me see straight and far,
In light as clear and fair
As shimmers now from yonder star,
In clean and rain-washed air!

As helpless here I stand,
The soul of such a scene
To paint in verses bland:
Let me see straight and clean!

The tops of yonder pines
Reach upward to the sky;
The star between them shines
Before God's naked eye.

So, helpless, let me stand
When shams shall intervene;
So, let my soul expand
And breathe this air serene.

Let me see straight and far,
So, let my goal appear!
The pines to yonder star
Point up, as to a seer.

Let beauty shine as now—
As at the earliest birth,
Beauty untranslatable,
God's Shadow on the Earth!

R.L.

Bubbles

"We have heard the Chimes by Midnight"

HENRY IV.

Magazine Staff.

"Paree—Oh, Garsong!"

"I forgot to wake up, sir."

King.

"Water, water everywhere"—

Old Boys' Game—Thanksgiving.

"Gee! a ton of that clay must weigh an awful lot!"—

Auld (watching the grading for the new rink).

"Or hear old Triton blow his *wretched* horn."—

Taylor.

"As clean as mud" or "B.C.S. boots."

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;

"*Razz* out the written troubles of the brain?"—

Taylor.

"Alice in Wonderland"—

'Herbie' in the Fifth.

Lost and Found:

DRURY—an orange. Last seen in a locked locker.

Missing:

DRURY—Panel of above-mentioned locker.

King:—"Hello, Cothran."

Cothran:—"Hello King, what do you want?"

King:—(lazily):—"Oh, nothing, I just wanted."

Valentines

TO NOBODY

Critic, critic, critic;

That is *all* you *Do*:

Criticize, criticize,

All the long day through.

Critic, critic, critic!

A valentine will do;

"Everyone loves somebody;

Nobody loves *You*."

TO A CRITIC

The first time I heard it,

I didn't think 'twould do,

To use in good old English

The phrase "*It's Up To You*."

But now my mind has altered;

No other phrase will do

For 'truest words in all the world':

"*It's All Up To You*."

R. L.

PRIZE

RAH! RAH! RAH!

Can you guess?

Can we do it?

Who says "yes"?

....., ".....",

\$1 prize for the missing line which is in a sealed envelope.

School Notes

The School sympathizes with the Headmaster in the death of his father. The late Mr. S. E. Smith was one of the oldest members of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Mrs. MacDougall and Mrs. Ogilvie send a generous supply of magazines and reviews to the Common Room, for which the Masters are very grateful.

A pleasant Oasis in the desert of school life was the half-holiday given in honour of Mr. Grant Hall's visit.

We welcome to the School Sergeant-Major W. H. Fisher, late Instructor, Army Physical Training Staff, Headquarters, Aldershot, and Physical Instructor, Indian Army, Umballa. He has a "Special" in Physical Training. Sgt.-Major Fisher was Semi-Finalist and got a special prize in the Army Boxing Championship, 1913. He is an adept fencer. He also has the life saving medallion, certificate and medal. His service gained him four medals:—1914 Star and Bar; Victory Medal; British War Medal and Long Service Medal.

L. M. Smith visited us twice during the term and pleasantly broke up the even tenour of our way.

The running track round the new rink will measure one-eleventh of a mile.

We congratulate our Oratory Medallist of last year, O'Meara, on his playing for McGill Intermediates in his first year.

Our Hockey Captain of last year, Blinco, has been turning out regularly for practice with the Senior Hockey Team, we see by the McGill Daily. We wish him every success. Abbot, also an Old Boy, whose photograph appears on another page, is captain of the McGill squad this year.

Gerald Wiggett, one of our Old Boys, who is well known in hockey circles throughout Eastern Canada and the New England States, has very kindly offered his services as honorary coach next term. This offer, it is needless to say, has been eagerly accepted.

Wiggett last winter coached the team of the Boston School of Technology.

Dr. Randall, late Headmaster of Winchester, paid a visit to the School on Monday, December 7th.

The boys and masters of B.C.S. are contributing \$220 to the Rink.

The Hockey Captains at McGill and R.M.C. are both B.C.S. old boys.

The Magazine Staff again thanks Mrs. Ogilvie for her keen interest.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

- September 15th—Return to School
17th—Football creases start.
26th—First Debate of the year.
28th—Change clocks to standard time. Bill McDonald arrives.
- October 3rd—1st Team play Stanstead here. We lose 38-0.
Concert in the evening.
4th—Aylmer L. Morris, Old Boy, buried in Lennoxville cemetery.
9th—Harry King visits school.
10th—First snow of year; stormy all day; 5 or 6 inches of snow. Debate.
11th—Several fellows go skiing.
14th—Team plays Sherbrooke High School and loses 5-0.
16th—1st Team leaves for Montreal.
17th—1st Team loses to L.C.C., score 22-0. Second team goes to town.
19th—1st team loses to Ashbury, 18-0, 2nd team loses to Ashbury 2nd, score 9-0. Both teams return to school.
24th—Return game with L.C.C. here. We lose 10-2. L. M. Smith, and P. H. Watters, Old Boys, present at the game. Debate.
26th—School elections, Boulton vs. Carsley.
28th—Sixth form play the Rest of the School. Sixth wins 8-1.
31st McGill Juniors play college. O'Meara, "Bug" Davis, and McMaster, B.C.S. Old Boys, play for McGill. School 1st team plays Stanstead in Stanstead. We lose, score 37-0.
- November 4th—Prep. Old Boys play Prep. at Soccer. Old Boys win 1-0.
6th—3rd team play a team from the Village. We win, score 18-0.
8th—Many parents and Old Boys present at morning chapel.
9th—Thanksgiving Day. Team plays Old Boys and loses, 17-11. Mr. Beatty distributes prizes in afternoon. Play by Dramatic Club in evening.
11th—Work commenced on new rink.
13th—Last day of football creases.
14th—Debate.
16th—Basket ball creases start.
18th—Concrete foundations for rink begun.
19th—Begin winter hours.
19th—Break-up Concert.
21st—Debate.
28th—First Basketball match.—We won 31-12.
- December 2nd—School play Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A.—We lose. Score 19-18.
5th—School play CIRCO team.—We win. Score 14-11.
17th—Exams. begin.
22nd—Holidays commence.

THE ORCHESTRA

There is a world-wide Symphony
Above, beyond, around;
And if your instrument is tuned,
You catch its secret sound.

Then softly at the dawning,
Or, loudly at noon-day,
When burning sunshine marks the hours,
You hear a wonder-lay.

In fragrant, old herb-gardens
Between enclosing walls,
Hush'd, on a sun-baked midday,
You half-know Something calls.

The Spring-song of pale eglantine
Blown lightly by the breeze,
'Neath scudding clouds and high sky
And stately Corot-trees.

Then ancient Greece arises
In quiv'ring sunshine awed,
As bright and strong and beautiful,
The young gods walk abroad.

This band is kept unbroken
Though, often, few combine,
And when you join the chorus,
The music is divine.

But if a string is broken,
The harmony is jarred;
If there are flaws in any lute,
The Symphony is marred.

Still, softly in the evening
The magic pipes will play,
And if you are in tune with them
You swell the wonder-lay.

While rosaries and rosaries
Are told in Heaven's scroll,
Where stars and stars unnumbered,
On wings of diamond roll.

Cracked fiddles come for mending
 Snapped fiddles try to play;
 And just "Simplicity of Soul"
 Their watchword, finds the way.

Then softly in the night-time,
 The magic bells will tell
 Each member of the Symphony
 Some secret guarded well.

The silver lines of water
 Are falling down the weirs—
 Listen! the stars are singing now
 And the Earth-choirs join the spheres.

R. L.



PRIZE LIST

The Magazine awarded the following prizes:—

Stories	-- - -	1st Prize—\$3.00—W. E. Revere
		2nd " \$1.50 each—B. I. McGreevy and A. Breakey.
Poems	- - - -	\$2.00—R. B. Johnston.
Cartoon	- - - -	\$1.00—R. A. Montgomery.
Photographs	- - -	1st Prize—\$1.00—D. L. Luther
		2nd " .75—L. B. Doucet.

Preparatory School:—

Stories	- - - -	1st Prize —\$1.50—Peter MacDougall and Robert Davis.
		2nd " \$1.00—Philip Davis.



The first meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. for the session 1925-26 was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, September 26th, Mr. Young in the chair. The subject for Debate was, "*That this Society is of the opinion that the tourist traffic in the Province of Quebec is to be deplored.*"

Boulton opened for the Affirmative. He considered that, without paying any taxes, the tourists did much to ruin our roads and they often speed without being fined. Many come only for liquor, and in a drunken condition drive recklessly about the cities—a danger to law-abiding citizens. Others come on the pretext of touring, are in reality smugglers, and cheat the Canadian Customs. He concluded by stating that the average tourist who came for liquor was a very bad example for Canadians.

Hall I, opening for the Negative, declared that the tourist trade was bringing a great deal of money into Quebec, and argued that the wear on the roads is almost negligible. He defended the point that the Americans for the most part come to Canada for the scenery, and not for liquor—which they can procure with little trouble at home.

McGreery continued for the affirmative. He considered that the majority of tourists were not the class of people who spent their money freely, but rather tried to get all the money they could out of Canada by sleeping in tents, spending next to nothing, and wearing their oldest clothes. Tourists of this type, in Quebec, are for the most part disgracefully dressed and care nothing for Canadian laws.

Aitchison continued the debate for the Negative. He brought up the point that many Americans who visit Quebec like it so well that they decide to settle permanently there, in this way swelling the population with desirable citizens. He affirmed that Canadians do as much smuggling as the American tourists.

Montgomery spoke next for the Affirmative. "With regard to the financial benefit derived from the tourist traffic, Canada in reality gains very little," he asserted, "and tourists for the most part spend little, enjoying all our privileges and paying no taxes." He complained that as a result of the tourist traffic the American flag is in many places taking the place of our own.

Drury I, speaking next for the Affirmative, disputed Hall's statement that Canadian hotels gained much from the tourists, and affirmed that American tourists usually chose hotels run by Americans.

Short then rose for the Negative. He stated that the money taken in by the Liquor Commission benefitted the Province greatly, as can be seen by the improved roads and better schools. He also mentioned the great business done by the hotels during the tourist season.

Rankin I chose to defend the Negative, in a brilliant maiden. He declared that Quebec's good roads started with the Liquor Commission, just four years back, and stated that the Americans leave as much as thirty-five million dollars in Canada annually. "Canada", he said, "would ruin herself by barring American tourists."

Carsley, for the Negative, declared the tourist trade to be the third largest "trade" in the Province. He decided that it is good for Canadians and Americans to get to know each other.

Patton I, for the Negative, voiced the opinion that American tourists coming to Canada learn more of our country and of the foolishness of their own liquor laws. "This may result in the repeal of Prohibition", he asserted.

Neel I for the Negative, in a short but excellent maiden, admitted that the American flag was now very much in evidence in Canada, but that on holidays, the Union Jack was always seen in the States.

Breakey I, for the Negative, in a well thought out speech, brought up several convincing points for his side. He pointed out that as long as the Americans want to visit us, and we receive them, there will be peace between the two countries. He stressed the point that Canadian industries and especially the breweries, benefit greatly by the immense tourist traffic, and said that the tourists learn to respect Canada, seeing that a great number of her laws are superior to their own.

Baker, continuing for the Negative, stated that Americans coming to Canada have to pay licenses for many things, such as hunting and fishing, and are obliged to employ guides. He declared that influential Americans, seeing Canada's prospects, return to build up industries.

Sangster, in his maiden speech, defended the Negative. He considered that people take greater pride in keeping their property in good trim, if tourists are continually passing, and declared that the companies started by Americans employ Canadian citizens.

Nineteen members having spoken, the motion was put to the House and the Chairman declared it carried. A division was called for and the Ayes and Noes proceeded to the right and left of the chair. The count shewed the motion lost by 14 votes to 5. The President having briefly summed up the debate, the House proceeded to private business and the election of officers took place, the result of which was as follows:—

Vice-President	-	-	A. Breakey
Secretary	-	-	R. A. Montgomery
Secretary	-	-	B. I. McGreevy
Treasurer	-	-	R. G. Aitchison
Poet Laureate	-	-	R. B. Johnston
M. C.	-	-	J. L. G. Carsley



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the small Dining Hall on Saturday, October 10th, Mr. Young in the Chair. The subject for debate was "*That this Society is of the opinion that the British form of government is superior to any other form, ancient or modern.*"

McGreery opened for the Affirmative. Starting at the beginning of England's history he outlined her development through the ages and pointed out how, at different times, civilization had caused changes to be made in her government until, all tyranny abolished, she had reached her present state of perfection. He explained her present constitution and praised it for its completeness with regard to details, and to the government of the Dominions overseas. "It is the King," he said, "and what he represents, that keeps the Empire together."

Rankin I, opening for the Negative, began his speech by stating that though he was a British subject he intended to be quite impartial. "In 1914," said he, "when it should have been awake, the British Government was caught napping." He denounced the English party system and their electoral methods in the strongest possible terms, declaring that while other countries prospered, her trade was killed by internal strife.

Boulton, speaking next for the Affirmative, first compared Britain with her one possible ancient competitor, the Roman Empire. He pointed out the many weak points in the Government of the latter and showed how, through combining king and people our constitution surmounted them. He asserted that the British people are far freer than those of the United States, that they were the best fighters in the Great War, and, as shewn in 1914, possessed vast organizing power.

Hall I, continuing for the Negative, condemned the dole, free trade and hereditary titles, illustrating their respective evils. He matched the House of Lords unfavourably with a Republican Senate, and the King with a President. Then he drew a singularly striking comparison between Rome as a republic and Rome as an empire; he demonstrated very clearly how the people had prospered in the former and lapsed into luxurious laziness in the latter. "This", he added, "may some day apply to Britain as well as to Rome."

Dobell, in a maiden speech for the Affirmative, called the Society's attention to the fine feeling of patriotism that existed among the colonies and how this was due to a governor representing the Home Parliament.

Patton I rose from his seat and declared that he had been mistaken as to the subject and consequently his speech would be brief. He chose Rome as his example, and he considered her form of government far in advance of the British system; "For", said he, "consider how long she lasted."

Drury I, Affirmative, laid stress on the way in which Britain had roused herself to the peril of 1914. He disputed an opponent's statement that "Britain was backward in getting forward", asserting that while other countries were not, Britain was honestly paying her war debts.

Short, continuing for the Negative, centred his arguments on the evils of free speech and he bitterly criticized a government which allowed Communists to obtain such a dangerous influence over the common people. In the army and navy especially, their propaganda was spreading, and in these services it created the most harm. "Let Russia be a ghastly warning", he said, "to any erring country that wishes to embrace Communism and its evils".

Neill II, in an excellent maiden for the Affirmative, argued that a King was desirable and that it was he and what he represented that kept the Empire intact. He criticized the American government and showed the British to be superior.

Breakey I, speaking for the Negative, commenced by explaining that the constitution was not always to blame, but that sometimes the people themselves were at fault. The United States, had, he thought, an excellent system suited to their cosmopolitan character; moreover, Great Britain possessed a policy as nearly suitable to her needs as possible, and it was very difficult to compare the two, neither could take the place of the other. He praised the British as excellent colonists, who, unlike the Spanish, knew how to treat the natives and gain their respect. The British citizen had been gradually granted more and more liberty and there was no reason why his condition should remain stationary.

Cleghorn, for the Affirmative, emphasized several points and also praised Britain's treatment of emigrants. "British laws are respected by the people", he said.

Carsley, Negative, said that Britain's past was unsurpassable, but that her present, owing to a slow-moving government that allowed free speech, was far from perfect. He declared that Lloyd George was the man who had held England together in the Great War, and that, but for him, we should have been defeated. Lack of national spirit was another of the growing cancers that demoralized this great country. "English schools", said he, "no longer are superior to American ones, in fact I prefer the latter." At the summing up, he preferred a president to a king.

Montgomery spoke next for the Affirmative. He claimed that the British Government suited the people, while a republic would not. "Hasty actions are soon repented", he said, "and the British government takes no hasty steps. The king appeals to the romantic side of people, and as long as romance exists a king will be respected."

Aitchison declared, in speaking for the Negative, that the modern German government was the ideal form of ruling a country. Hindenburg, a war general, he said, was extremely popular and respected as a king; the country was thriving under his guidance. Referring to the war, he harped on the British incompetence to meet the situation as it arose. In reply to an opportune remark, he stated that the reason why Americans flocked to see the Prince of Wales during his visit was because he was handsome and not because of his royal blood. He said that in *Punch* no cartoons of the king were published, but nobody minded making fun of a president.

Johnson I, Affirmative, told of the loyalty to the Empire that existed among the Colonies, and took as an example the good work done in the war by the troops sent from independent states in India. He compared the English and Roman governments and found the latter inferior.

Neel I, the last speaker for the Negative, spoke slightly of the Irish policy and blamed the British government for the situation. He drew comparisons between a king and a president.

Sangster, speaking for the Affirmative, found few remaining points but in a comparison between Britain and Germany pointed out Germany's weak points. Particularly with regard to the difficulties she experienced with her men in the Great War. "In Cromwell's time a new government was attempted and failed", he said.

Seventeen members having spoken the House divided and the count showed the motion to be won by twelve votes to five.

The House then proceeded to private business.



On Saturday, October 24th, a meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Senior Library, Mr. Young in the Chair. The subject for debate was:—"That this Society is of the opinion that the age of Chivalry has passed."

McGreery opened for the Affirmative. He declared that if the Age of Chivalry had not passed, it was at least on the decline. "Chivalry cannot exist", he said, "when women have equal rights, for they will then be treated as men." He went on to point out how the growth of commerce largely accounted for this decline and explained how a tired business man wanted little more than a quiet home.

Hall I, opening for the Negative, stated that the word "chivalry" meant courtesy, and that people were just as courteous today as they were a few centuries ago. The difference was, he said, that at that period only knights and ladies knew what chivalry implied, nowadays the great majority of people were polite and willing to perform little acts of courtesy.

Boulton, speaking next for the Affirmative, condemned the so-called present day chivalry, saying that whereas in past times a fair maiden was won only by long wooing and many chivalrous deeds, now it was only a question of money and luxury.

Patton I, continuing for the Negative, reaffirmed Hall's argument that chivalry was now much more wide-spread than formerly. The ordinary man would offer his place in a street car to a lady, and that was true chivalry. He cited the S.P.C.A. as an excellent humane advancement of today.

Dobell, Affirmative, in a comparison between present day Frenchmen and their gallant ancestors of the seventeenth century, found the former lacking in all those chivalrous qualities of which Louis XIV and his courtiers boasted. "So noticeable a decline in gallantry among the people once considered the foremost exponents of the art must be brought into consideration", he said.

Short, Negative, complained of the lack of arguments in the debate: "But", said he, "gentlemen always give preference to ladies. I invariably do so".

Carsley, defending the Affirmative, complained of the lack of spectacular deeds of chivalry today as compared with the many which once took place.

Breaky I, rising for the Negative, considered that the morals of the ancients were not irreproachable, and especially in the cases of monarchs and powerful nobles. Most of the tales of heroism were probably fictitious. Nowadays, rescues from drowning frequently occur, while "every man for himself" was the motto of the Middle Ages. He believed that by making her his equal, man had done more for woman than the ancients ever did.

Drury I, Affirmative, told how the advance of civilization had accounted for the abolishment of duelling, on which most chivalrous deeds were at one time based.

Sangster, closing for the Negative, was somewhat nonplussed for reasons, but he was, nevertheless, convinced that chivalry still existed.

Mr. L. M. Smith, former M.C. of the Society, dropped in towards the end of the Debate, having motored out from Montreal. Speaking last for the Affirmative, he brought up several new points for his side and asserted that even during the last thirty years a noticeable decline in chivalry had taken place. "Young people of to-day do not", he said, "respect their parents as did those of the nineties." He concluded by drawing attention to the fact that since no dragons existed in our time it was difficult to rescue fair maidens from them.

Mr. Smith's visit to the Society was much enjoyed and a vote of thanks was extended to him, in view of his generosity in presenting a medal last year.

The motion was put to the House and the Chairman declared it lost. A division was called for and the Ayes and Noes proceeded to the right and left of the chair; the count showing the motion carried by six votes to five. The Chairman briefly summed up the debate, and expressed himself in favour of the Negative. The House then proceeded to private business.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, November 14th, Mr. Young in the Chair. The subject for debate was:—"That this Society is of the opinion that a Conservative Government would be better for Canada than a Liberal."

Hall I, opening for the Affirmative, stated that since the Liberal victory in 1921 the country had been slipping down hill, until at the present time our debt was tremendous our taxes were overwhelming, and our raw products and our people were pouring into the States. On the other hand the Conservatives would protect our raw materials and thus foster the national wealth. "Besides", he added, "Mackenzie King is greatly influenced by the Progressive party, on whose vote his majority depends."

McGreevy, opening for the Negative, brought many sensible points before the Society. In his opinion, though England undoubtedly needs the Conservative party, Canada needs Liberal government, and he stated that the reason the English do not vote Liberal

is to oppose the French. He maintained that if all the provinces of Canada are to oppose annexation, they must do so under the Liberals, as the French will never turn from Liberalism, and without their cooperation unity is impossible.

Short, the next Conservative, in a very well reasoned speech, asked why the Conservatives should give in to the Liberals as McGreevy had suggested. The French, he affirmed, were prejudiced against the Conservatives on account of Conscription, and furthermore they knew nothing of politics. He told a story of a Frenchman who, during the recent elections, had come to the Lennoxville poll and asked to vote for Laurier; giving this as an illustration of their ignorance. The C.N.R. was running deeper into the rut, and the Western mines had never been opened, the low tariff has been proved useless, and, to conclude, King was pro-American in all his principles.

Montgomery (Liberal), asked what it mattered if fish poured wholesale from Canada into the States, "Goodness knows, we are well rid of them." Then he pictured Mr. King as all that nobleness can be—his great generosity as illustrated by his slogan "Canada for the Americans"; his wise intentions, displayed by his recent speech at Slippery Gulch, when he promised to pass a bill barring Irishmen from entering Canada; and many other good points. "If Mr. King had visited us", he continued, "instead of Mr. Meighen, he would have given a week's holiday—six days more than the latter gave us. Mr. King," he concluded, "is very easy to caricature."

Baker (Conservative), emphasized the point that fish left Canada for the States in enormous quantities and this because there was no tariff. This caused the fishermen to emigrate to the States, and thus Canada was losing her much needed population. The Progressives, he said, had too much power over the Liberals, whereas the Conservatives would be quite independent.

Boulton, continuing for the Negative, declared that though the present Liberal leaders are not of the best, the Party has great ideals. "This is no time for the high tariff the Conservatives favour," he said. "If the country had really needed a change it would have returned a party with a clear working majority." In closing he argued that the working man who votes Liberal knows what he wants.

Drury I (Conservative), considered Sir John MacDonald a greater and wiser man than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He asked why so much importance was attached to the French Canadians, who were to his mind a puny part of the population. "The Conservatives have held power longer than the Liberals" he continued, contradicting Boulton. "Norwegian lumber does not reach the States", he concluded.

Carsley took up the argument for the Negative. Presumably referring to the recent B.C.S. election campaign, he branded his opponent, Mr. Hall, as "once a strong Liberal and now a weak Conservative," and then went on to say that Canada has never had a greater man at the helm than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Answering Baker's verbosity on the subject of the Maritime Provinces, he judged these "out of the way places" as beneath his consideration.

Sangster, Conservative, argued that although the Liberals were still powerful, they were not wanted by the country, for their ideals never took a concrete form. What was the use of a glorious past if the present compared so unfavourably with it. He pointed

out that the Liberals had held power in Nova Scotia for some forty years, and that during this time the Province had sunk into a sad state. The new Conservative Government was already bringing back Canadians from the States, and had settled the Cape Breton disputes.

Aitchison then rose for the Conservatives, and he concluded his speech by stating that in politics (in the U.S.A.) he was a Republican.

Cleghorn, the last for the Conservatives, emphasized the fact that the Conservatives had started the C.P.R. As a conclusive argument for his side, he stated that Mr. Meighen was an Irishman, whereas Mr. Mackenzie King was an American.

Fourteen members having spoken, the House divided. A count showed the motion carried by 10 votes to 4. The House then proceeded to private business.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, November 21st, Mr. Young in the Chair. The subject for debate was:—"*That this Society is of the opinion that all Revolutions have justified their raison d'être.*"

At the request of the Chairman, Mr. R. B. Johnston, the Poet Laureate, read his poem. When he had finished, the Vice-President, Mr. Breakey, proposed a vote of thanks. This was duly seconded and unanimously passed.

Johnston I, the opener for the Affirmative, in his defense of revolutions, decided that the Americans were quite justified in the step they took in 1776, urging that the stupid acts passed by the ignorant government across the seas were enough to make any ambitious colony rebel. The French Revolution was caused by the tyranny of the nobles over the peasants; the latter, after paying their cruel taxes, having scarcely enough of their wages left to exist on. Passing to the Russian Revolution, he stated that it was mainly a case of the people tiring of their inefficient government.

McGreery, opening for the Negative, did not consider either the French or the Russian Revolutions justifiable, and the American War of Independence was, in his opinion, merely a war between two countries. France, he continued, gained nothing by her revolution; what made her a great and organized nation once more was Napoleon's despotism. In Russia, the conditions were deemed by him chaotic. "There is nothing surer than the inevitability of gradualness", he concluded.

Montgomery, for the Affirmative, began by considering the case of a people anxious to progress but held back by an incompetent and corrupt government. His opinion was that such a people would be quite justified in revolting. He explained that the American colonies, full of vigour and eager to expand, were greatly disappointed at the way in which Great Britain treated them, and considered that she proved herself a hindrance rather than a help. The British people, he continued, were slow and sure, and so a revolution was not likely to take place there. He admitted that the French Revolution was ghastly in its details, but that was inevitable and the ultimate outcome was glorious.

Hall I, Negative, stated that the colonies were proud and would not tolerate quite justifiable taxes, levied to pay for British protection. He considered that at the beginning the French Revolution was all right, but as it went on the leaders lost control of the mob, as always happens in revolutions, with the usual result. "Russia", he continued, "is a terrible example of rapid change of government. The Irish and the Chinese", he concluded, "do not know what they want."

Baker, rising for the Affirmative, chose to compare the revolutions of the body and the soil to those of nations, saying that there were always real causes for each of them. He spoke of the time when the public kicked against young children doing the work of their elders, terming the legislation arising out of this a revolution. "The Russian and Syrian revolutions", he said, excusing their obvious failure, "were the result of the cries of the uneducated."

Short, continuing for the Negative, did not consider that the American revolution justified its *raison d'être*. The colonists complained of taxes that were absolutely just. He believed that if England had kept the American Colonies, the U.S.A. would be just as prosperous as she was today. He cited Egypt and India as good examples of British rule. He also deplored the general state of Russia at the present time.

Aitchison took up the debate for the Affirmative. He pointed out that as "the Mexicans have a little revolution every week just for excitement", those of Mexico could not be considered seriously in the review of revolutions. In his belief, the French are now far better off than they were before they struck the blow for freedom. Contradicting McGreevy, he emphasized the fact that the breaking off of the American colonies was indeed a revolution. "For", said he, "part of an Empire rebelled against its own government."

Boulton, Negative, was of the opinion that the cost of the French Revolution was much greater than its value. The French lost their empire and consequently their wealth by their hasty action. "Liberty", he continued, "is usually the object of revolutions, yet Canada now possesses greater liberty than her southern neighbour. Russia before the War was wisely ruled; now there was no real government, since a few men exploited the country for their own advantage". He considered that at present Ireland was in a worse state than before the Home Rule Bill. "It is ignorant people", he said, "who usually start revolutions."

Neill II, continuing for the Affirmative, pointed out that the seemingly pointless murders and atrocities of the French Revolution were merely to avenge centuries of wrong suffered under the nobles. He further stressed the point that all the revolutions had a just cause, and reviewed the conditions that provoked the American colonies to declare their freedom.

Breakey I, next speaker for the Affirmative, did not consider the American War of Independence a revolution in the same sense as the French and Russian. He thought that nothing, not even the hardships of centuries, could absolve the French patriots of the atrocities they committed. People who entered into armed revolutions with really good intentions, he continued, often lost control of themselves when surrounded by robbery and murder, and thus evil consequences resulted. The Roman Empire, he reasoned, was

a good example of the failure of rapid revolution, and Germany was possibly in the same class. By gradual improvement, England had arrived at her present commendable constitution. In concluding, he cited Ireland as an exceptional case of slow revolution.

Rankin I, rising for the Affirmative, declared that there is a reason for every action, and therefore no man will rise up in defiance of his nation's laws without reason. "In the earlier stages of a revolution, the participants do not intend to overdo things," he said, "but are carried to extremes by their memories and passions."

Carsley, Negative, laid stress on the fact that the recent strikes in Cape Breton had not only failed to do good to anyone, but had done a great deal of harm to all concerned; the same might be said of the French Revolution. "The Czar," he said, "was never the true ruler of Russia, although several members of the Society have quoted him as such. Trotsky and Lenin have accomplished inestimable evil, and are still doing so. Adam and Eve lived peacefully in Eden until, too anxious for a change, Eve ate the apple," he added.

Sangster, continuing for the Affirmative, said that just as the American colonies were getting on their feet, taxes were piled on them without their having any representation in the parliament that imposed them. They decided that the only way of ridding themselves of these progress-hindering taxes was by revolution.

Dobell, for the Negative, stressed the point that though Cromwell changed the constitution of England, once he was dead no man was strong enough to carry on his work, and a king was welcomed with open arms. The Czar did a great deal towards keeping Russia united, and now there was no one for the people to look up to. "Ireland," he concluded, "is in a very bad state."

Drury I, closing for the Negative, stated that all revolutionary leaders were fanatics. "These leaders", he said, "exert a strong influence over the people, and they use it to no good."

Fifteen members having spoken, the Chairman declared the motion carried. Drury called for a division, the House divided, and a count showed the motion lost by eight votes to seven.



HIS MAIDEN SPEECH

When the thunders of the great god Thor
 Roll, and die away, to come again in yet a fiercer strain;
 And when his lightnings rend in myriad rivulets the darkened blue,
 As the helmsman steers the storm-toss'd ship
 In course erratic

Through driving rain, and o'er the hidden terrors of the deep,
The Chairman leads the way.
Within the precincts of these honoured walls,
Across this aged floor
Which many an harden'd foot hath trod,
Words, like the very breath of Hades let loose
Have passed and echoed long.

This much the soft and flabby muscled new-kid knows,
When first he errs this way,
From veterans old, and hard of heart.
He hears them thrash the subject out
With pounding fists and hair on end;
He sees the stretcher-bearers come
And take all those who dare oppose the mightier throng,
In battle, loud and long.

The lesser horde thus vanquished, peace reigns o'er the whole,
And then the chairman rising, says:
"Now let us hear the new-kid's Maiden.
Be not afraid, arise, and voice thy musings;
Hast thou no stomach for the fight?
We wish for thine opinion."
Like a bombshell bursting in his ears
He hears his name, and white of face
With hands he knows not where to place;
(He puts them here, and there—
He puts them everywhere).
His heart within him quails
As to his trembling feet he staggers
And thus starts off, "Ladies—", then wavers long.
He wonders why he ever came to such a spot as this;
Much more bewails that happy morn
When he was born.

A hundred years pass by—so long it seems—
The deathly silence hangs round him like a pall.
Then by sheer strength of will, though fear persists,
The words come out and "gentlemen".
"Abuse him not!", the reddened chairman shouts,
As cries of loud derision fill the air,
"Such noises are unpleasant to the ear
And confound the mind. Young man, proceed."
In agony of mind he starts once more,

Full conscious of the faces round him peering,
 Some smiling, others sneering, and all staring,
 But finds new poise, and to his great delight
 He gets it right.

Now two score years and more have passed away
 Since his first speech upon that fateful day;
 And now as he's the choice of all the population
 He finds himself the Premier of a wide-spread nation.
 Thus he, a true Cosmopolite, has risen
 To higher heights than otherwise could be.
 And as his memory wanders over fond events
 He wonders where he now would be
 If it were not for his maiden
 The one event in life's long run from which success he's dated.

Read before the B.C.S.D.S.
 on November 21st, 1925.

R. B. JOHNSTON,
 Poet Laureate.

" VALETE "

J. D. Barry. Came September, 1917. He was second prefect 1924-25; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, heavy-weight boxing champion, on senior football team, and sub. for 2nd hockey team. "Dave" is in the insurance business at Dover, England.

R. P. Blinco. "Joe" came in 1920 and was a prefect last year. He is one of the best athletes the School has yet seen, having made twelve senior teams: four hockey, three basketball, three cricket and two football. Last year he was captain of basketball, hockey and cricket. He is studying commerce at McGill and hopes to make a name for himself there at hockey.

R. M. Campbell. "Bull" arrived in September 1921, was a prefect last year, Major in Cadet Corps, member of Debating Society, and Stage Manager for Dramatic Club. On second team football in 1923, and first in '24. Bull is now one of our representatives at R.M.C.

T. P. Doucet. "Pot" came from L.C.C. in September, 1923, was Sgt.-Major in Cadet Corps, and Business Manager for the Magazine. He is now learning how to become a soldier at the R.M.C.

D. S. Grant. "Flinn" came in 1917. He was a head boy and a member of the Dramatic Society. He was two years on the intermediate Rugby team, on the intermediate hockey, and the senior cricket. Is another of our fifteen representatives at R.M.C.

N. Hanna. Blew in during the autumn of 1922. "Nick" was first sub. for the senior football team, and goaler for the senior hockey team last year. He was a prominent member of the Dramatic Club and Debating Society. He is now in business at Grand-Mère.

D. G. Mackay. "Happy" came in 1917 and has been for the last few years smiling himself through the school. He was Choir Head Boy, Vice-President of both Dramatic

and Debating Societies, Orderly Sgt. in Cadet Corps, and captain of second football team. He was also the school musician. Happy intends entering Oxford and is now studying in preparation.

W. R. McMaster entered the Prep. in 1919, head prefect 1924-25, prefect 1923-24; second in command of Cadet Corps, on both football and hockey senior teams for two years and on the cricket team for three. "Pinkie" is taking Arts at McGill and playing junior football as a side issue.

C. W. Monk. "Toby" came to the School in the autumn of 1918; was senior head boy; officer in Cadet Corps, member of both Debating and Dramatic Clubs; and on all last year's senior teams. He is now in business in Victoria, B.C.

A. J. O'Meara. "Cow" came the same year as Toby. He was a head boy, an enthusiastic member of the Debating Society, Sgt. in the Cadet Corps, on two senior football teams and one cricket team; won both the Cross Country and the Mile. He is now playing great football for the McGill Intermediates, and incidentally taking an Arts course.

P. F. Sise. "Bunty" was another of the famous gang that came in 1918. He was on first football last year and second the year before. Head boy, officer in Cadet Corps, Business Manager for the Magazine, and a member of the Debating Society, he is now at R.M.C.

R. G. C. Smith. "Cootie" came in the autumn of 1919. He was head boy, member of both Dramatic and Debating Clubs, on second football team and first cricket. He would have received the Greenshields Scholarship had he gone to McGill, but he chose the R.M.C., where he has already made a name for himself by making the Harrier team.

P. H. Watters. "Presto" was a prefect last year, and captain of football. He was on two football and one hockey team during his short stay of two years; Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. He is now our representative at Williams College.

G. E. Reid. Came in November, 1918, was a head boy, member of last year's senior football, hockey and cricket teams, vice-captain of the cricket team which he had been on for three years. "Gordie" is now touring Europe in preparation for the commencement of his business career.

J. Hamilton. "Hammy" left from the fifth along with Gordie Reid. He was a member of the senior football, basketball and hockey teams, and of the Debating and Dramatic Societies. He is now working with his brother George up in the woods.

J. A. Malo. Also left from the Fifth. Johnny played defense on the second hockey team last year; he would have been a great help on both the football and hockey teams this year.

H. Holland. Harry has gone to Morphet's to swat for his McGill exams.

G. A. Malo. Guy has left and gone to the Montreal High with his brother.

" SALVETE "

Fifth Form	Fourth Form	Form IIIA	Form IIIB
C. Rankin	J. Fuller	P. Blaylock	F. Cothran
J. Rankin	G. A. Oland	E. Coristine	R. Kenny
		C. Drury	E. King
		H. Howell	D. Ross
		H. Kennedy	
		D. Markey	
		J. Meakins	
		G. MacDougall	
		I. Ogilvie	
		W. Pugsley	
		P. Sise	
		E. Weaver	

**BOYS OF THE FIFTH AND SIXTH FORMS WHO PASSED MATRICULATION
EXAMINATIONS LAST JUNE IN THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS:**

(For McGill and the R.M.C.)

Sixth Form:—

- Barry—English Composition, French Grammar, Elementary Algebra, Physics and Chemistry.
- Blinco—English Literature and English Composition, History, Latin (2 papers), French (2 papers), Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Chemistry.
- Campbell—English Composition, English Literature, Latin Prose and Nepos, Vergil and Sight Trans., French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Advanced Geometry.
- Doucet,—English Literature, English Composition, History, French Grammar, French Translation, Elem. Algebra, Elem. Geometry, Advanced Algebra, Advanced Geometry, Trigonometry, Chemistry.
- Grant—English Literature, English Composition, History, Latin Prose and Nepos, Vergil and Sight Trans., French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Chemistry.
- Hanna—English Literature, English Composition, French Grammar, French Composition, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Chemistry.
- Mackay—English Literature, English Composition, Vergil and Translation at Sight, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Chemistry.
- McMaster—English Literature, English Composition, History, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Advanced Geometry, Chemistry.
- O'Meara—English Literature, English Composition, History, Latin Prose and Nepos, Vergil and Trans. at Sight, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Chemistry.

Sise—English Literature, English Composition, History, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Advanced Geometry, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

Watters—English Literature, English Composition, History, Vergil and Sight Translation, Advanced Algebra, Advanced Geometry, Chemistry.

Monk—English Composition, French Grammar, French Translation, Chemistry.

Smith—English Literature, English Composition, History, Latin Prose, and Nepos, Vergil and Sight Translation, French Grammar, French Translation, Elem. Algebra, Elem. Geometry, Advanced Algebra, Advanced Geometry, Trigonometry, Chemistry.

Fifth Form

Aitchison—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Auld—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Baker—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Balfour—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Boulton—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Breakey—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Hall I—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Johnson I—English Composition, Physics.

Luther I—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation.

Malo I—Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation.

Markey I—Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, Elementary Geometry.

Mitchell—French Translation, Elementary Geometry.

Montgomery—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

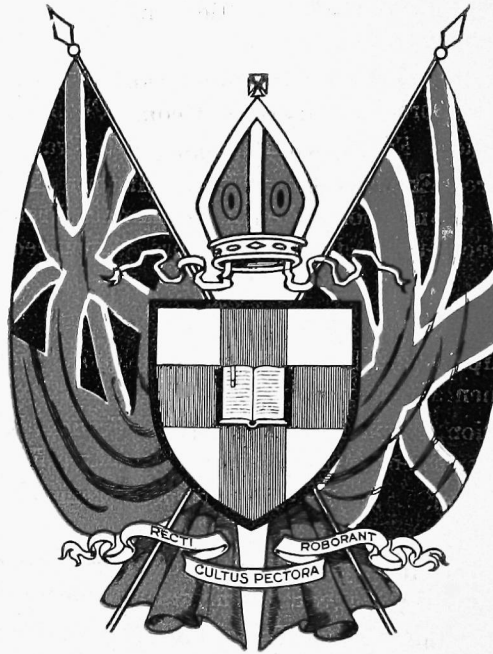
MacDougall I—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

McGreevy I—English Composition, Latin Prose and Nepos, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry, Physics.

Neel I—Latin Prose and Nepos, Elementary Geometry.

Revere—English Composition, French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Algebra, Elementary Geometry.

Taylor—French Grammar, French Translation, Elementary Geometry.



(From Gazette)

CADETS INSPECTED

Col. Keefer Praised Corps at Bishop's College School.

Bishop's College School Cadet Corps was inspected at Lennoxville, Que., Wednesday afternoon by Col. J. K. Keefer, accompanied by Capt. Guimond.

This function was one of unusual interest because the B.C.S. Corps last year, after remarkably keen competition, won the Governor-General's Shield, which is competed for annually by the cadet corps of the Dominion. In addressing the cadets after the inspection, the colonel spoke of their drill as being excellent, and especially complimented Major Campbell, one of the older boys and son of Mr. D. A. Campbell of Montreal, on his word of command. By the visitors who were present the opinion was freely expressed that the B.C.S. Cadet Corps was even smarter this year than last.

SENIOR—PROTESTANT CITY HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

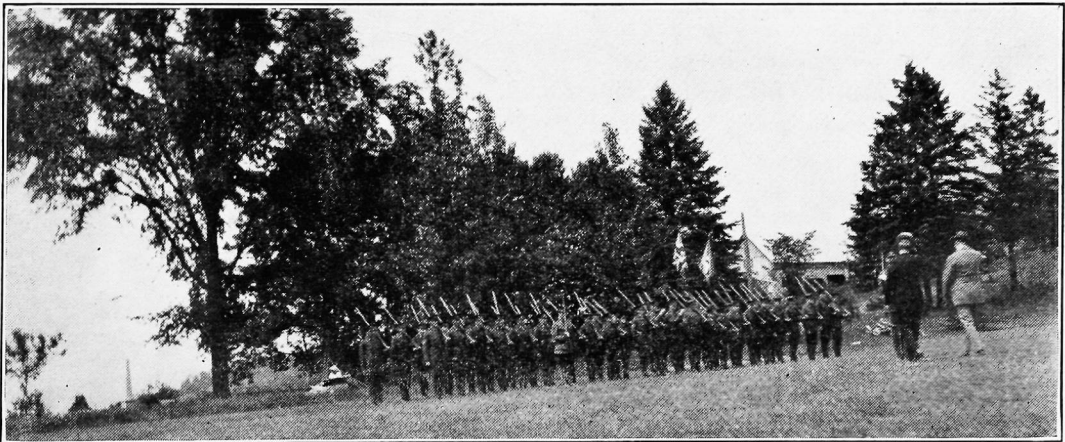
No.	Gen. Appearance and Discipline	P.T.	Drill	Musketry	Signal- ling	First Aid	Bonus	Total
29—Lower Canada College	48	95	45	95	40	14	336
2—Bishops' College School	50	98	48	90	40	6	332

The following is an extract from a letter to the Headmaster from Brig.-General Armstrong:—

The officers who conducted the inspections in this District report that Bishop's College School Cadet Corps came a very close second to the winner.

I beg you to please convey to the boys of your Cadet Corps my hearty congratulations on their excellently trained unit and for their splendid efforts to retain the Trophy.

I also thank you, your staff and the Cadets themselves for the keen interest taken in this competition and in the cadet training generally.



INSPECTION OF CADET CORPS BY COMMANDER J. K. L. ROSS AND MAJOR P. I. SISE.



THE FAERY MIST

Faery hoar-frost, glistening white, clothes in splendour
tree and fence—

Everything is pure and bright, in the young day's
innocence.

Snow-birds dare not make a sound, lest they break
the magic spell:

Mortals feel while gazing round, thoughts too deep for lips
to tell.

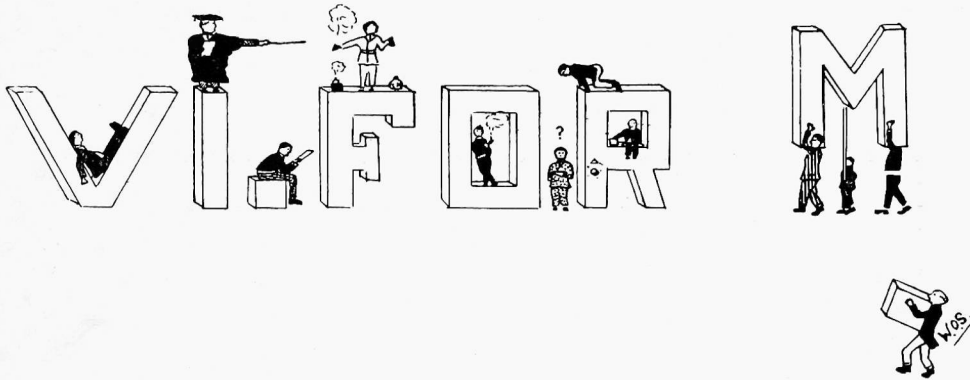
Will this comfort-giving scene rule the world till
close of day?

No—for strife and action mean change it soon
to sombre grey.

If the silent watcher there, viewing this peerless
peace of dawn.

Makes his own its spirit rare, he finds strength
to carry on.

R.M.



(With apologies to Browning)

The time's getting less,
Of days there are four;
Exams. have begun,
Books far away hurl'd.
The Mag's gone to press;
Of work there's no more;
The rinks' nearly done—
All's right with the world!

A.B.

THE VI FORM 25 YEARS FROM NOW.

I was a poor, forlorn, heart-broken man, out of work and alone in a strange city with scarcely five dollars in my pocket; in short, I was the next thing to a bum. Whilst walking down one of the city's most important business streets begging, a sign in front of an office caught my eye. It read thus:—

MONTGOMERY & McGREEVY

Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.

R. A. Montgomery, K.C.

B. I. McGreevy, K.C.

Those names sounded familiar to me—where had I heard them before? No, it could not be; yes, it was—they were my old classmates at school. I immediately went in and asked for Mr. McGreevy or Mr. Montgomery, but on account of my slovenly appearance I was told to vamoose and be quick about it. At that moment Montgomery came out: "Hello, Monty," I said, "Do you know me?" "Who is it?" he asked. "....." said I. "For the love of the pink toed Diana, come on in! Brian is here." Once in the seclusion of their office we talked of old times at school. They told me that Neel and Boulton were playing ocarinas in a very famous orchestra; that Baker and Taylor were now eminent French professors at McGill and Harvard respectively, and that George Auld was now known as the "potato king", owning innumerable tracts of land in P.E.I. MacDougall, they told me, was a retired general living in Greece and teaching

Latin in a Scotch university there; Breakey, after leaving school, had become an M.P. and was also the president of the "Unedabord" Lumber Co. I was also informed that Revere was managing a chain of hotels in Canada and the Eastern States, whilst Johnston was a well-known Californian rancher and real estate man. Bill Mitchell, I found out, was a very famous pianist in New York, playing in an opera called "Gold Teeth"; and Aitchison was proprietor of a Hot Dog Stand, and Balfour was chief of police of the city and director of a radio company. Our friend Luther was opening up a branch agency of a woollen company in South Africa; Now Markey..... Suddenly I woke up, it was he speaking. "Get up, the Head's been round and it's a quarter to eight."

G. W. H.

THE RUDE AWAKENING

The bed has no spring;
The mattress is worn;
But the sleeper's serene;
Seven-fifty's the clock.
By the bells ting-a-ling
From each other are torn
This youth and fair dream
Ye Gods! what a shock.

There's a subject that I cannot stand,
One which my brain has never spanned,
In whose great depths I'm all astrand,
And where I vainly seek for land.
It's theorems, problems, riders, are to me
An undefined source of mystery;
So is it now, and so shall ever be
Oh grant me death, but not "Geometry"!

B.I.M.

A RADIOGRAM FROM SANTA CLAUS

Dear Kiddies:—

I am pleased to tell you that I have finished my toys and the Gnomes are busy loading my sleigh. I have made a fine big ocarina for little Normie Neel, as he asked so nicely for one in his letter, but he will have to be a good boy or he won't get it. Yes, you will get your fire engine, Dickie Taylor, and I have not forgotten Andy Breakey's bigger and better Eversharp. I think he is a very spoilt boy not to be satisfied with his huge one. Jimmy Johnston need not worry, for I have his book of "Rymes & Poems". I am glad to see he has the poetic instinct. Well Revere, I think you have chosen a very good present in an air gun, seeing that you are leaving School for the cruel world at Christmas. I have also procured a Smith's Latin Dictionary for you, Povey Baker; I hope you will take care of it as your most prized possession.

My sleigh is ready now so I must close.

Your dear old friend,
SANTA CLAUS.

The Sixth Form very much regrets that W. E. Revere, who came to the School in 1923, is leaving at Christmas to enter a business career. In 1924 he subbed for 1st team football, and this year was one of the outstanding players on the team. In the June sports he won the MacDougall Medal for the 220 yards, besides coming second in the broad jump and third in the hundred yards dash. "Paul's" two stories, one of which appears in this issue, have been very much appreciated. In wishing him good luck we know that we are not bidding him goodbye, as we are sure "Paul" will visit us often as an Old Boy.

Shed a sad tear for Aitchison
Who, tooting on his sax one day,
By some misfortune blew "high C",
Which promptly washed him right away.

And bow your head for Baker, too,
The outside-wing of world renown;
With a long dive, he tackled low,
To try and bring the goal-posts down.

Then turn the sod for Johnson I,
A lumber-jack he longed to be,
He got on fine with trees until
He meddled with the Chemis-tree.

SIXTH FORM vs. "REST OF THE SCHOOL"

(Special to the Magazine by the B.C.S. correspondents. All rights reserved
in the Canary Islands).

On Wednesday, October 28th, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-five, Coach Mitchell's snappy squad of pig-skin chasers, arrayed in Sixth Form colours (light red, crimson and dark red) adorned the B.C.S. gridiron to give battle to Coach Blinco's twelve stalwart line-plungers. Prior to the massacre, the Sixth smote the oppressive silence with their world-famed war cry, which is always rendered before any encounter.

The game was on when the referee fired his shotgun, and the ball sailed from the toe of "Flying" Fuller, the husky little hash-back of the "Rest". From then on the Sixth by their speedy and effective end runs forged towards their enemy's line, and Luther, Mitchell's reliable booter, kicked for a rouge. After this, the superior plays and players of the Sixth brought them a touch-down and a rouge, whilst the best Blinco's gang could do was to knock a solitary point from "Rip" Rankin's boot. After the final whistle an investigation was held, and the score was found to be 8-1 in favour of the "Big Boys" (i.e. the Sixth). The stiffes were then removed to the morgue to be identified.

Grant did some nifty work for the "Rest" with his fighting push-face. Fuller also starred, especially when he received a playful tap which considerably shaded his optic.

After much persuasion, the Sixth finally consented to the publishing of their war cry, which follows:—

Birdseed and sausages, Friday fish,
 Rugby football, that's our dish,
 Are we in it? Well, well, rather!
 Collegiate, Collegiate, and so's your father.
 Rig-a-jig-a-boom, Rig-a-jig-a-bah!
 Sixth Form, Sixth Form, Rah, Rah, Rah!

A.M.B. and G.W.H.

Aitch:—"What's this 'Ash Wednesday' we occasionally hear about, O Neoptolemus Pelides?"

Tosk:—"The middle of 'National Fire Week', naturally, Thessandrus Sthenelaus."

SIXTH FORM CONCEPTION OF "MACBETH"

ACT I, SCENE I.

Scene takes place in "Bust'em -Burn'em" Wood.

Thunder and lightning and alarums.

Enter Battling Banquo and Kid Macbeth.

Bat. Ban.:—Well, less is more, Lucrezia.

Kid Mac.:—So's your old man. (Exeunt on all fours).

ACT I, SCENE II.

Scene discloses Mrs. Macbeth knitting, and singing "I miss my Swiss".

Mrs. Mac.:—So fair and foul a day I have not seen as yet.

(Enter a ghost in a raincoat).

Mrs. Mac.:—Is this a dagger which I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee.

Ghost:—What, you egg? Perish the thought!"

Mrs. Mac.:—(Missing a left hook at the Ghost's cheek)—Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain. Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird. (Exeunt Mrs. Macbeth, crying "Murder!")

Ghost:—(Soliloquizing)—"God help her, poor monkey!" exits with a tree in his hand).

ACT II, SCENE I.

In a Desert Place.

Enter Mrs. Macbeth, followed by an attendant.

Mrs. Mac.:—"Gosh, I'm thirsty; bring my beer."

Att'd.:—"So am I. (Exeunt Attendant singing "It ain't gonna rain no mo').

Mrs. Mac.:—"What! am I standing in a puddle?" (Enter 3 murderers followed by Hautboys, with beagles in hand).

1st Mur.:—"Let me stab you?"

2nd Mur.:—"I want to."

3rd Mur.:—"I will" (stabbing at her).

Mrs. Macbeth throws a Grecian Urn and kills 1st Murderer.

1st Mur.:—"Ma, I'm dead!" (exeunt).

ACT II, SCENE II.

Enter Kid Macbeth, followed by Ghost riding on Pope's mule.

Ghost:—"Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings."

Kid Mac.:—"Who let you in, perchance?"

Ghost:—"Yes"..

(Enter Battling Banquo, playing an ocarina).

Bat. Ban.:—(To Kid Mac.)—"Ah! Revenge!! (Drawing sword).

Ghost:—"Shut up, thou cream-faced loon!"

Kid Mac.:—"I'll not fight thee."

Bat. Ban.:—" 'Fraidy cat! 'fraidy cat!" (exeunt).

ACT II, SCENE III.

Enter Mrs. Mac. Kid Mac., Bat. Banquo and the 3 weird sisters, followed by Ghost on tiptoe.

Mrs. Mac.:—"If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. Have you had your dramatic irony today?" (Stabs all with a hammer).

They lie down in turn and die.

Mrs. Mac.:—"What a sad world!" (Stumbling over a boiling cauldron, spraining her ankle.). "Well, I like eggs!" (She dies).

N.T.N. and R.G.A.

PIPPA PASSES.

Lads and lasses

Raise your glasses,

Drink to Pippa—

Pippa Passes.

She's quite stupid

In her classes;

She's no worker

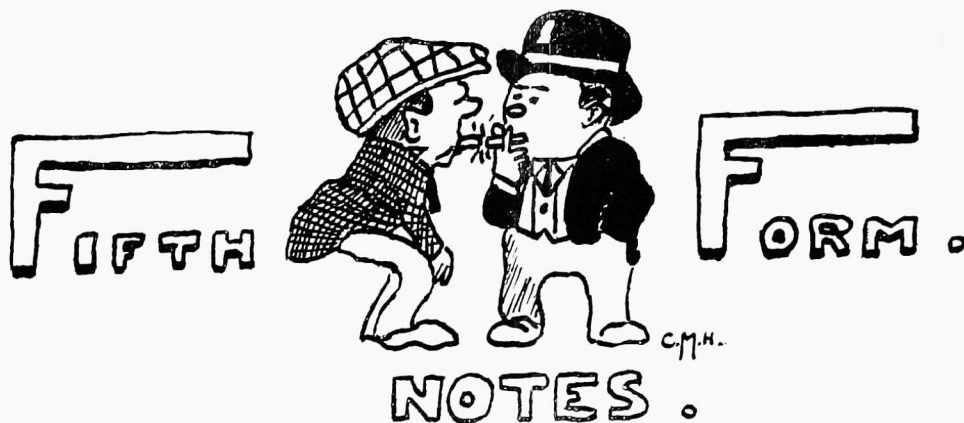
Still she passes!

How's she do it?

Query—asses!

Takes her notes in—

Pippa Passes



Well known sayings heard in the class-room:—

“You’re a kind of a useless individual.”

“Don’t make a speech about it.”

“That’s what we have been talking about for the last half hour.”

“What’s that you’ve got under your desk?”

Line up:—

Carsley and Patton the 5th form heights,

Hall and Murray the form’s wee mites.

Neill and Rankin the hefties, boy!

Dramatic star, Greig, who is very coy.

Johnston the half, Short the snap;

Grant the 5th form football cap.

Dobell, the sea-scout, Rankin secundus.

Sangster; MacNeill who makes circles around us.

Now comes Hugh Smith, the hero (that’s clear),

And last of all I, who bring up the rear.

E.R.S.

Johnson II, unconsciously quoting from “amo” at the dinner table:—“This is not ‘meat to be loved’.”

There was a fifth former called Gibb
Who thought his algebra he’d crib,
When the master did spy it
He was told to ‘recti’ it,
Five hundred long lines for our Gibb!

Cross-eyed Judge, to first of three prisoners lined up before him:—“Why did you steal that watch, my man?”

2nd Prisoner:—“I didn’t steal no watch, your honour.”

Judge:—“I didn’t speak to you.”

3rd Prisoner:—“I never spoke, your honour.”

ODE TO A SPEEDY TOURIST

As you are now, so once was I,
 As I am now, so must you be.
 Step on the gas and follow me.

EPITAPHS

Ci-gît:—

Here lies the body of Colin Rankin
 He tried to give Bancroft a lesson in Banking.

Behold the bones of William Murray
 He tackled Revere while in a hurry.

Here is the grave of John Henry Patton
 Prussic acid he tried to get fat on.

Under the sod lies poor Gordy Neill
 He took powdered glass in a plate of cornmeal.

This tombstone belongs to Herbert Lorn Hall
 He got 80 minutes and that wasn't all.

And there are the bodies of half of Form V
 If the rest aren't there now, they'll soon arrive.

Dum:—"Jones, the actor, says his name is in every mouth."

Bell:—"Yeh, he must have had his name stamped on a million tooth-picks."

Master:—"Yea, Carsley, 60 minutes for deceit."

Carsley:—"Sir, I wasn't out of my seat."

Shed a tear
 For little Nell;
 She had a car
 And went too fast.

Dumb:—"Isn't that a heavenly-looking car?"

Dumber:—"It ought to be, it's a Moon."

Judge:—"Ten dollars or ten days, take your choice."

Prisoner:—"I'll take the money."

"She was a wonderful object in her night attire, nor had Harry ever seen the like,"
 read the pupil from "Henry Esmond".

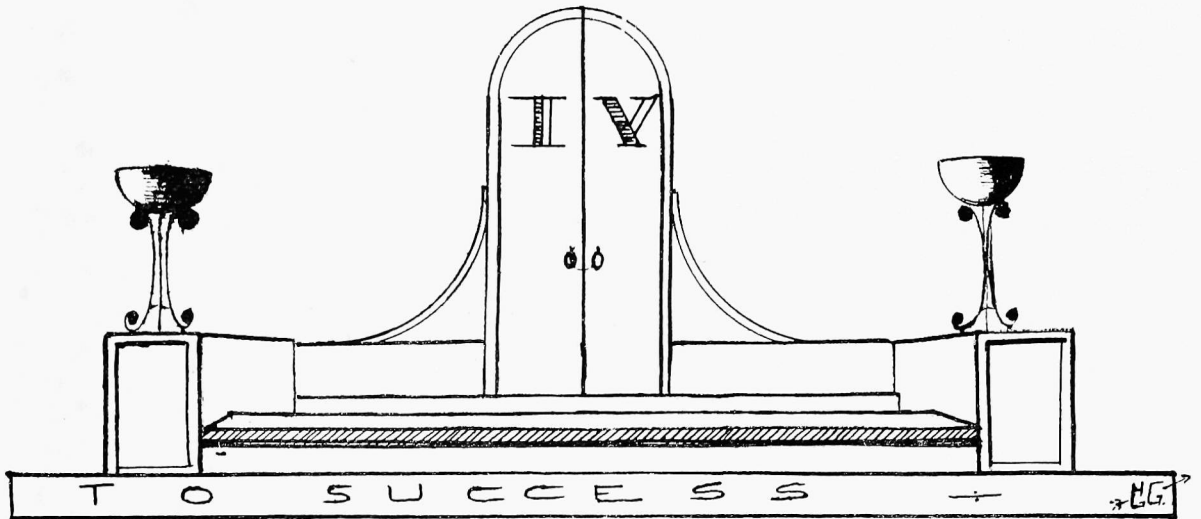
Master (pre-occupied):—"Where! Where's the place?"

Pupil:—"It's quite all right, sir, there is no picture."

"Is your wife old?" "Old? I should say so! When they brought in the birthday cake last time, six people fainted with the heat."

Fifth Form line up

Name	Nick-name	Ambition	Probable future occupation	Weakness	Pastime	Favorite expression
Carsley	Gibb	To be a second "Cow" O'Meara.	Boxing Master	Trig.	Chewing Gum	"That's Uproarious"
Dobell	Dotie	More free hours	Sea-Scout Leader	His spelling	Hitting somebody	"Can we go down to the Lab, sir?"
Grant	Flinn	To be 5th Form Shiek	Lachine band-master	His curl	Facial contortions	"Me, sir?"
Greig	Betty	Emperor of Japan	Actor	Algebra	Drawing ships	"Aye!"
Hall	Herby	To be a doctor	Mechanical memorizer	Dancing	Fooling with Pugsley	"Stop it."
Johnston	Hardy	To publish one of his jokes	Soap-box orator	His sore leg	Mumbling	"Hey, sir."
Murray	Willie	To break his other arm	Philosopher	Himself	Throwing chalk	"Check signals"
Neill	Gordie	To get more letters	Lumber-jack	His bow-legs	Getting letters	"What's the matter, sir"
Patton	Johnny	To remember something	Lord of the Manor (Pelham)	His bow-tie	Hunting for something	"Absolutely"
Rankin I	Colin	To pass a geometry test	Golf pro.	Work	Dreaming	"Certainly I did"
Rankin II	John	None	Kitchen mechanic	Latin	Kicking a football	"By the beard"
R. Smith	Rocky	To be a schoolmaster	Indian prince	Talking	Walking to school	"Oh, I mean....."
Sangster	Eric	To beat up on Gibb	N.S. fisherman	The way he talks	Sleeping in his corner	"Go and chew your own gum"
MacNeill	Libby	To leave school	Editor of the Ottawa Journal	Taylor	Drawing on his desk	"I haven't got it on my list, sir"
Short	Ridge	To be like Mr. Shupe	Coaticook farmer	Around the corner	Arguing	"Wont you alleviate us, sir?"
Smith	Beakie	To turn a somersault	None	Hall II	Loafing	"Oh, Herby!"



IV FORM NOTES

Form Editor - - - Cleghorn

I woke up in the morning, I wasn't feeling well,
 And just as I was dozing off I thought I heard the bell.
 Just then I recollected that I had forty drill,
 So I got up and washed and dressed
 While all the rest lay still.
 I ran up to the drill hall, and found that I was late.
 For when I looked upon my watch, 'twas twenty-five to eight.
 That morning in Assembly I still was feeling ill,
 And then I thought I heard a voice,
 "Why were you not at drill?"

P.B.C.

We have in our form, Doucet,
 Who comes from Thetford Mines;
 We have Read from Joliette
 Who always has some lines.
 Then Blinco and Simms from Grand'Mère,
 You'll notice they both have fair hair.
 Duggan comes from Knowlton; Johnston, Newfoundland,
 Payan from St. Hyacinthe, and from St. John, Oland.
 Hocking hails from Weymouth, Drury, Winnipeg,
 He's the boy that always loves to pull some master's leg,
 From Westmount there is Sharp; from Montreal there's Black,
 And now that I have finished, there's still myself, alack!

J.P.C.

There is a boy called Alf,
 At riding he's the best,
 But when it comes to skating
 We'd like to see the rest.

We know a lad named David,
 At football he's a sheik;
 But when it comes to add his drill
 It nearly takes a week.

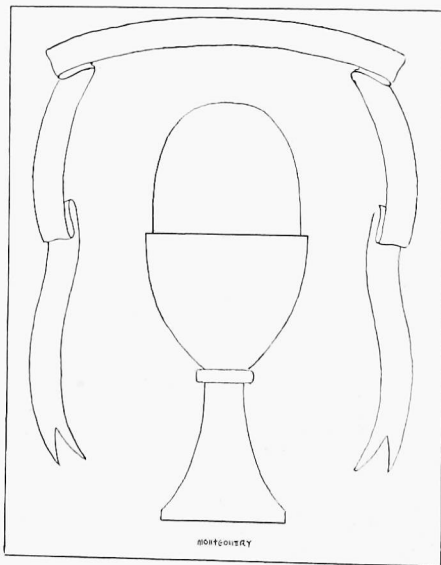
The puzzling question in the Fourth this year is:—Where the School gets all the shoe-leather?

We have with us:—

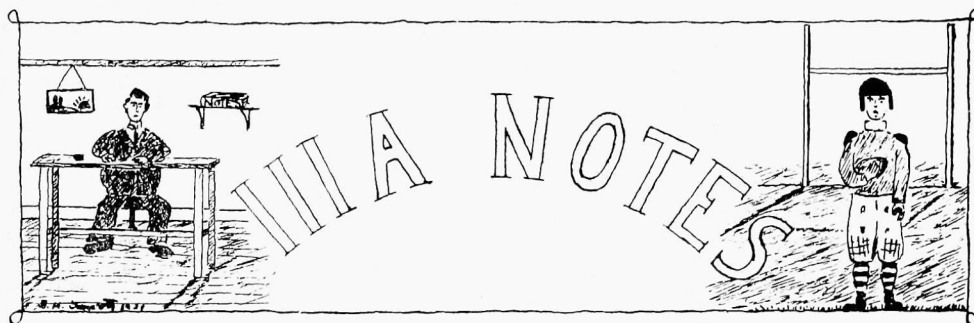
Canada's future skating champ.,
 Canada's letter writing champ.,
 Paderewski's only living rival,
 Lennoxville's famous hermit,
 also—the man who keeps Eaton's going.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We were sorry to see that T. M. Gillespie was not able to return to his studies at B.C.S., this term, and hope to see him soon.



*Hail to thee, blithe Breakfast—
 Bird thou almost wert!*



PatTon
 SheHyn
 CoRistine
 BrEakey II
 HowEll
 WeAver

Things we would like to know:--

How heavy is a Pat ton?
 If a Mar key would fit a Blay lock?
 How deep is a Ho well?

Mr. S. in Prep., as a blotter falls to the floor:—"A hundred minutes for the boy who made all that noise!"

1940 will see—

Breakey II selling some of the grub he had over from his last term at School.
 Shehyn playing an organ on Grande Allée with his monkey.
 Coristine II selling some of the radio catalogues he has hoarded up.
 Markey II trying to reduce.
 MacDougall II attempting to find out what Theorem I is all about.
 Drury II shovelling snow.
 Ogilvie an eminent furnace man in Montreal.
 Pugsley in Parliament.
 Sise in jail for sleeping in the park at night.
 Patton, king bean-eater.
 Weaver, Shehyn's monkey.
 Howell, a globe trotter.
 Kennedy, croupier at sporting club in Monté Carlo.
 Blaylock, interpreter to French Consul.
 Meakins, head of Royal Victoria Hospital.

There is a young dumbbell called Drury,
Who seldom gets into a fury;
But once he gets there
There is such a flare
No one dares to go near that young Drury.

There is a young laddie called Sise,
The lasses think he's very nice;
Some say he is not
But I think it's all rot,
That charming young fellow, Paul Sise.

There is a young fellow called Howell,
Who never can find his own towel;
When he wants to get dry,
He lets out a sigh,
That funny young fellow named Howell.





Masters' favourite phrases:—

"100 minutes, Cothran."

"What's the physics prep.?"

"Bonjour, Eddy."

"You duffer, Kenny."

"Everybody done their prep.?"

A music professor went into a music store and said to the salesman:—"Shew me a violin, a guitar and a lyre." The salesman replied:—"Well, most of the things are kept in a safe, but I can show you a violin and a guitar. I can't show you the lyre because the boss isn't in."

O! most wondrous chemist
 Answer this question of mine,
 I think I know what carbon-ate
 But where did Io-dine?

College Ticket Seller (to King going through hedge after College game)—"Here, boy, why don't you go out the way you came in?"

King:—"I am going out the way I came in."

Soak, soak, soak,
 Drill, drill, drill,
 G-E-O-M-E-T-R-Y
 Does he soak us?
 Well I guess!

280

J. F. S.

SALVE ATQUE VALE

Welcome, welcome Winter
Welcome, ice and snow;
Though last year you handed us
Forty odd below,

Now the skates go ringing,
Flashing on the ice,
Swinging round the long curve
Where the risks entice.

Let the horses canter
With the Tally-ho!
Now the skis go skimming,
Lightly o'er the snow.

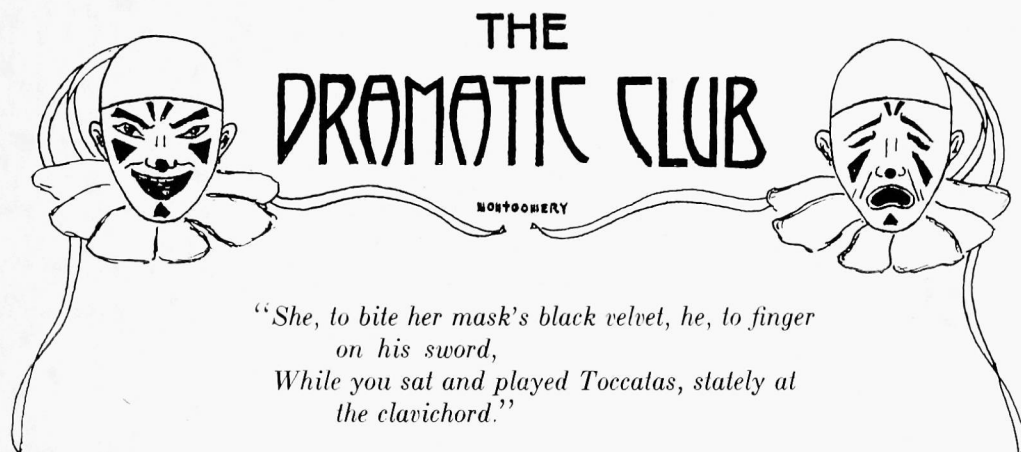
Beneath a shroud of white descended
Lies Summer dead; but dying
Bequeathed to Earth her seeds now lying
In safe keeping till her mourning's ended,

And Infant Spring shall wake to glory,
Those seeds widespread by every wind
Which she bequeathed to Autumn and mankind,
And Autumn then to Winter told Her story:

"She dropped into my bosom in a shower of gold,
She had known many lovers and was old."
She died when Autumn moaned and cold winds blew.
Now chickadee sings requiem the long day through.

R. L.





A concert was given early in the Term and there will be a break-up concert on Saturday, December 19th.

B.C.S.D.C. PRESENTS:

“HIS UNCLE’S NIECE”

CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

RICHARD TATE, Esq., <i>a rising young lawyer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	R. A. Montgomery
FRANCIS FELTON, <i>the cause of all the trouble</i>	-	-	-	-	-	H. G. Greig
DORA HALE, <i>very much attached to the “cause”</i>	-	-	-	-	-	A. M. Boulton
ALICE MALCOLM, <i>a close chum of Dora’s</i>	-	-	-	-	-	D. Luther
MRS. SARAH ANN MULLEN, <i>a woman of few words, from Happy Valley</i>	-	-	-	-	-	J. Rankin
SIMON F. FELTON, <i>Frank’s Uncle, who never makes a mistake</i>	-	-	-	-	-	R. G. Aitchison
PHILANDER FILMORE, <i>“humble but wise”</i>	-	-	-	-	-	R. R. MacDougall
TIMOTHY HAYE, <i>gardener at Happy Valley Junction</i>	-	-	-	-	-	B. I. McGreevy
SILAS SICKELMOORE, <i>the constable at Happy Valley</i>	-	-	-	-	-	G. W. Hall

SCENES

ACT I.—Interior of Francis Felton’s and Richard Tate’s bachelor establishment at Montreal.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. Afternoon of the same day.

ACT III.—Exterior of Uncle Simon’s newly acquired summer home at Happy Valley Junction. Evening; three days later.

TIME—Midsummer.

TIME OF PLAYING—Approximately two hours.

Howard G. Greig played the part of the hero, a certain Francis Felton. To fool his cranky old uncle (I beg your pardon, Aitchie), he was forced to masquerade as one of the fair sex for the greater part of the play. This he did splendidly, putting in all sorts of

little extra touches which showed in a convincing way what a finished impersonator of the feminine he is. Though he had the greatest number of lines to learn of anyone in the cast, he had mastered them well before the eventful night., when, acting with confidence, he lent confidence to his fellows.

R. A. M.

As Richard Tate, a young lawyer on the upward trend, R. A. Montgomery gave a very admirable performance. His acting ability is unquestioned. He excelled in the third act, in which he portrayed the character of the Rev. Willie Splicem with remarkable skill, and was the cause of many humorous outbursts in the audience. Although it is the first large part he has attempted, he played it without a slip, and we are at a loss to know who will take his place next year.

H. G. G.

Douglas L. Luther took the part of a smart young society lady. He made an excellent girl, not only by his appearance, but in his acting. He wore a smart blue sports jumper and a white hat trimmed with blue flowers, and played his part with such dexterity that it was difficult to believe he was not one of the gentler sex. On account of having had both ankles sprained at football, Doug's acting was greatly handicapped by a limp; but he made up for this disadvantage by his very good acting and clear speech.

A. M. B.

A. M. Boulton took the part of a young girl in our play. He was dazzling, dressed in a grey creation, with a flashing scarf and white hat with black osprey plume. He had quite an important part, which he played to perfection. He spoke clearly, and was, in the opinion of all, a very good looking girl. He was very willing, and made good use of all the smaller points shown him. In spite of the fact that this was his début in one of the School plays, he acted with perfect composure, and I am sure everyone will take off their hats to "Gin" for helping so much to make the play such a success.

D. L. L.

John Rankin, taking the part of a middle aged woman, Mrs. Sarah Ann Mullen, from Happy Valley Junction, played his role excellently; especially since he was called upon to take this part only a few days before the performance. He certainly helped in no small degree to make "His Uncle's Niece" a success, and we hope he will continue his good work next year.

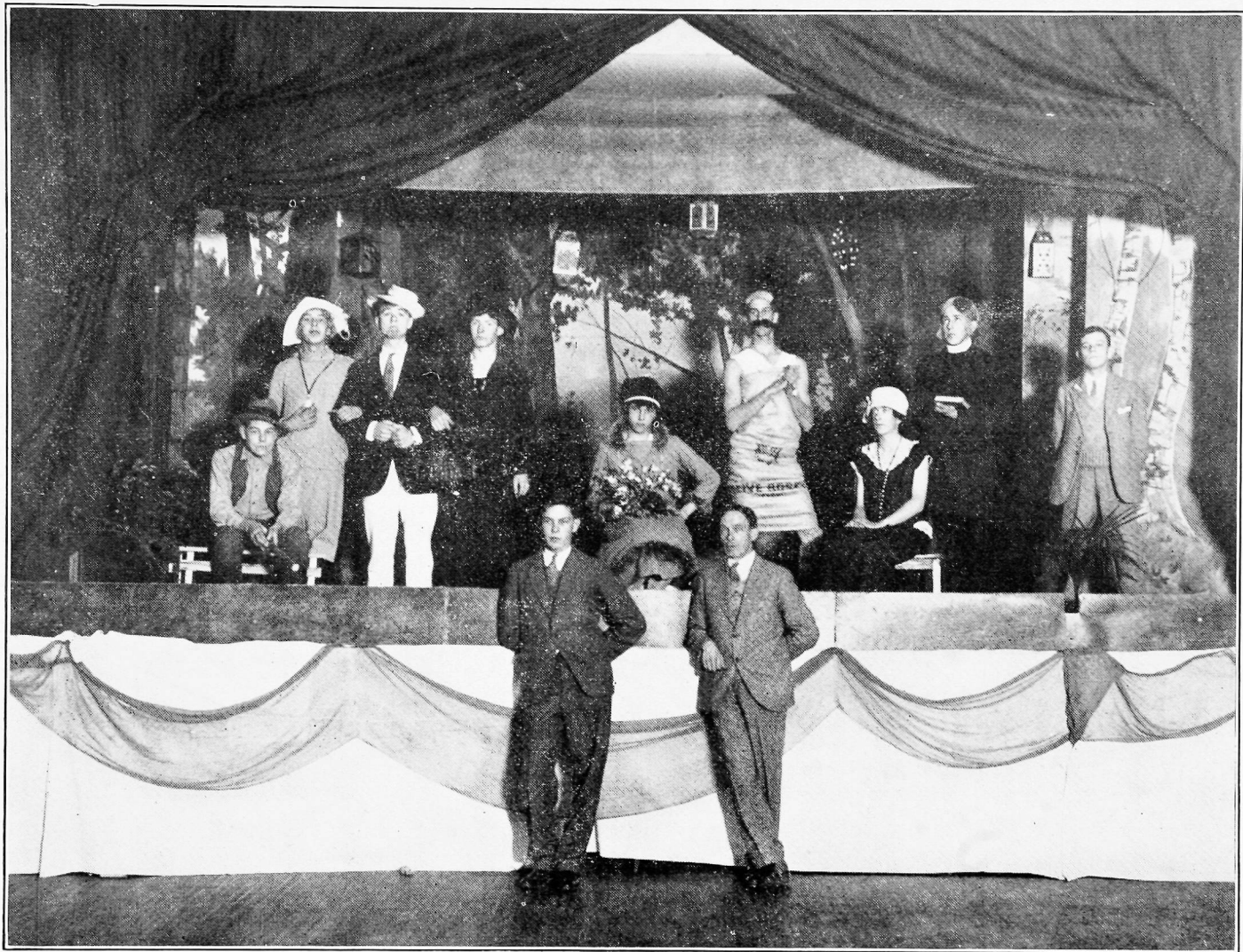
G. W. H.

Simon F. Felton, né R. Gray Aitchison, has never, during his five and sixty years, made a mistake, and has yet to find the man who can fool him. Uncle Simon's cunning little gray beard and silky gray hair fascinated all the spinsters present. The audience during Aitchie's visits to the stage was continually convulsed with mirth, and it is to him that we owe a great deal of the success of our little presentation, which, although we say it, was one of the best ever put on by the B.C.S.D.S. But SILENCE; SHUT-UP!

R. R. M.

On first seeing R. R. MacDougall as Philander Filmore, we all knew the play would come off well. His acting as the bigamist was marvellous (watch out, girls), and when he made his final entrance in that flour sack—! nuff sed. Listen! I want you all to keep this a secret; Mac really has got hair on the top of his head—that was only a wig. Mac certainly had a great hand in the success of the play, and we all wish to congratulate him.

R. G. A.



"HIS UNCLE'S NIECE"

George Auld was the Stage Manager, and in that position did excellent work. All the scenes were shifted quickly and without a flaw, the curtain never faltered in its duty; both were due to his speed and accuracy. George spent many afternoons arranging the stage and putting various things in order for the event. Thanks are undoubtedly due to him for all his trouble, and also to Neel, who ably assisted him on the night of the play.

B. I. M.

G. W. Hall, in the part of Silas Sicklemore, the constable, was more than amusing. He acted his part very well, paid attention to minor details, and spoke with an almost perfect country-constable accent. Judging from the applause, Silas' appearances on the stage were much appreciated, and we feel that to him we owe much of our success.

J. I. R.

McGreevy, in his representation of Timothy Haye, the gardener of Happy Valley Junction, did justice to a difficult part and showed his ability as an actor. The humorous dialogues between Timothy and Silas, the Village Constable, were apparently greatly enjoyed by the audience, as was also his mistrust of Philander.

G. E. A.



A COUNTESS EATS CORN ON THE COB.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN BISHOP'S COLLEGE HALL

(From B.C.S. of 1880).

On Tuesday evening, the 27th April (1880), Mr. Harmon of New York gave a lecture upon the Phonograph, in the dining hall. His remarks were illustrated by practical demonstrations upon the instrument itself.

The lecturer commenced by explaining, clearly and concisely, the action of the phonograph, its construction, and its history. Next, he explained away such "vulgar errors" as ascribed to the machine powers beyond its reach, and showed that, even in its present state, it could not reproduce **exactly** such a softness of sound as that of which the human voice is capable. Of this, though, more anon.

Next came the practical and, if we may say it without offense, the more interesting part of the evening. Mr. Harmon spoke, sang, laughed, and "called" into the ear of the machine, which re-produced all his sounds with wonderful exactness, though invariably in a high, harsh tone, attributable, as he explained, to the material of which the diaphragm is composed. Then many boys stepped up and each sang and spoke, and heard his voice resurrectionized.

The Fife and Drum Band were in the room, and an interesting experiment was our next treat. The instrument was made to receive as much as possible of the sounds they gave and to re-produce them. This however, it failed to do, although the tones of a bugle are given back again with wonderful exactitude. More singing, more talking, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and "God Save the Queen", from the Band, closed the evening's sitting.

Marvellous as a toy, the phonograph, as it exists, strikes one, in this practical age, as a singularly useless invention. Whether it is to remain a mere philosopher's plaything, remains to be proved. Surely an enlargement of the diaphragm, or an alteration of what may well be called the **ear** of the machine, might work wonders upon it! A strange effect was very noticeable, and, indeed, was pressed upon the notice by the lecturer, viz:—that musical sounds, if the cylinder were not turned most evenly, were liable to rise or fall an octave or more, and so a song, even well sung, might, in the representation, assume a most ludicrous aspect. More food again for the brain of Mr. Edison.

Of Mr. Harmon it would be hard to say too much. Without pretence or affectation, a most interesting lecturer; without display, an able demonstrator, he made it by no means a matter of choice whether to be interested or not, and his geniality and willingness to point out matters to each enquirer, encourages us to hope, for our own sakes, that ere long we shall see him again. We wish, however, that with the phonograph he would bring the telephone, and show the points of difference and of similitude between the two instruments.

Thanksgiving Day

(From Sherbrooke Record)

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AT B.C.S.

Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Was Guest of Honor—Large Number of Visitors Present—Old Boys Defeated School Rugby Squad 17 to 11.

Yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, will go down as a red letter one in the history of Bishop's College School, for not only was it the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes, but Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was the guest of honour, he himself presenting the awards following a most interesting and inspirational address.

An unusually large number of visitors were present, and the spacious hall was well filled with students, parents and friends. Many of the visitors arrived in Sherbrooke on Saturday, while others travelled by special cars from Montreal on Sunday evening.

At one o'clock, lunch was served in the large Ross dining hall, and at two thirty the boys and visitors assembled in the hall. Mr. George Montgomery, an Old Boy and a director of the School, presided in the absence of Mr. Grant Hall.

Previous to calling on Mr. Beatty, Mr. Montgomery said that he was sure he expressed the feelings of all present when he regretted the unavoidable absence of Mr. Hall, and paid that gentleman a worthy tribute. Principal S. P. Smith, M.A., who was also on the platform, then presented a most satisfactory report, after which the guest-of-honour was called upon amid prolonged and hearty applause.

Considered it an honour.

Mr. Beatty opened his remarks by declaring that he considered it an honour to be invited to attend such an occasion, and proceeded to give a few brief incidents of his own school days.

His address centred around six main points: loyalty, imagination, self-reliance, sense of humour, modesty and work, valuable assets to any boy, he said. *

"Boys should be loyal to their school, their parents, their country and themselves," said Mr. Beatty. "They should also have a good imagination, as this means idealism, and aids a boy to take out of life more than there is in it."

Mr. Beatty dwelt at some length on self-reliance, and in referring to his fourth point, a sense of humour, said:—"If you cannot laugh at yourself occasionally, your case is almost hopeless."

In closing, Mr. Beatty said:—"A school can give you much; a college can give you more but neither can make you anything. You have the privilege of living in one of the best countries in the world, and under the best flag, and I wish you every success."

Following Mr. Beatty's remarks, Col. Herbert Molson proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker in a few well chosen words.

The Headmaster's Report

In his report for the school year 1924-25, the headmaster, Mr. Smith, presented a brief outline of the School's activities, during that time, both as regards scholastic and athletic achievements.

He began by stating that the five boys who had lately entered the Royal Military College brought the number of those who had gone from Bishop's College School to Kingston during the last five years up to twenty-six.

Continuing, Mr. Smith said that in the McGill matriculation examinations held last June, the number of successes had been quite remarkable when the number of boys of high school age in the School was taken into consideration. Twenty-six boys had passed in English Composition, he said, and the same number had been successful in the two French papers. Nineteen had passed in Latin Prose Authors and Composition; only seven boys had attempted the paper in Vergil, but all of these had been successful.

In Arts Mathematics, the successful candidates numbered twenty-one in algebra and twenty-four in geometry; and in the former of these papers, two of the boys had obtained one hundred per cent.

In advanced mathematics, twelve papers had satisfied the examiners. In natural science there were twenty-four passes, these being equally divided between physics and chemistry, and in the former subject, one boy had obtained ninety-seven per cent.

After referring to the senior matriculation class, which is to be inaugurated next September, and dwelling upon the advantages of boys taking this course and so entering college as second year students, the headmaster closed his report with a reference to the good work done by Mr. Wilkinson in the Preparatory School, and drew the attention of the gathering to the fact that of the thirty-one prizes which Mr. Beatty would hand to the upper school boys, twenty-three would go to boys who had passed through the prep school.

Prizes awarded

The following is a list of the prizes awarded to students of the upper school:—

Medals—Governor General's and Lieutenant Governor's, for general proficiency, G. C. Smith; Mr. Grant Hall's, for debating, A. J. O'Meara, first; Mr. L. M. Smith's, of Montreal, also for debating, R. M. Campbell, second.

Form Prizes:—Form VI, Old Boys' prize for proficiency, G. C. Smith; second, T. P. Doucet. Form V, first for proficiency, R. A. Montgomery; second, B. I. McGreevy. Form IV, first for proficiency, E. Rocksborough-Smith; second, H. L. Hall. Form IIIA, first for proficiency, G. A. Sharp; second, J. P. Cleghorn. Form IIIB, first for proficiency, L. B. Doucet.

Bible Prizes—Form V, G. W. Hall; Form IV, E. Rocksborough-Smith; Form IIIA, G. A. Sharp; Form IIIB, L. B. Doucet.

Latin Prizes—Form VI, G. C. Smith; Form V, B. I. McGreevy; Form IV, E. Rocksborough-Smith; Form IIIA, J. P. Cleghorn.

French prizes—Form VI, T. P. Doucet; Form V, R. A. Montgomery; Form IV, H. L. Hall; Form IIIA, J. P. Cleghorn; Form IIIB, J. P. Simms.

Mathematical prizes—Form V, R. R. MacDougall; Irving Prize, E. Rocksborough-Smith.

Science prizes—Form VI, G. C. Smith; Form V, A. Breakey.

English prizes—Mrs. Holt's English Essay Prize, A. J. O'Meara; Form VI.

Kay Drawing prize:—H. G. Greig.

The following prizes were awarded in connection with the preparatory school:—

Form prizes—Remove, D. C. Markey; Form IIA, J. D. Lorimer; Form IIB, D. S. Gurd; Form I, A. D. Lorimer.

The following prizes were also presented to the winners:—Scripture, W. H. Pugsley; Latin, D. C. Markey; French, D. C. Markey; Kay Drawing prize, W. H. Pugsley; Mrs. Holt's Essay prize, I. Ogilvie; Headmasters' prize, E. S. D. Weaver.

The Martin Memorial Cup, awarded to the boy showing the most improvement in gymnastics, was won by G. W. Hall.

Old Boys Defeated School 17 to 11.

As usual, on Thanksgiving Day, a football match was staged in the morning between the School team and a team composed of Old Boys. This contest was witnessed by a large gathering of interested spectators, and resulted in a final victory for the Old Boys by the score of 17 to 11.

Enjoyable Dramatic Performance

In the evening, a dramatic performance was given by a group of boys under the direction of Mr. R. L. Young, entitled "His Uncle's Niece," by R. W. Sargent. The presentation was put on admirably well, and was much enjoyed by a large audience.

The principal parts were taken as follows:—Richard Tate, a rising young lawyer, R. A. Montgomery; Francis Felton, the cause of all the trouble, H. G. Greig; Dora Hale, very much attached to the "cause," A. M. Boulton; Alice Malcolm, a close chum of Dora, D. Luther; Mrs. Sarah Ann Mullen, a woman of few words, from Happy Valley, J. Rankin; Simon F. Felton, Frank's Uncle, who never makes a mistake, R. G. Aitchison; Philander Filmore, "humble but wise," R. R. MacDougall; Timothy Hays, gardener of Happy Valley Junction, B. I. McGreevy; Silas Sicklemore, the constable of Happy Valley, G. W. Hall.

The proceeds as a result of the play will go in aid of the Dramatic Society and the School Magazine.

Among the Guests

Among the guests who attended the activities at B.C.S. over the week-end were Lady Drummond, Mr. G. H. Montgomery, K.C., Major and Mrs. Hartland MacDougall, Mrs. T. T. Stoker, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Sise, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Coristine, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharp, Dr. George Hall, Mrs. Cleghorn, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dale, Mrs. O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Luther, Mr. and Mrs. Gudewill, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Black, Mrs. Carsley, Mrs. Douglas Cowans, Mrs. G. W. MacDougall, Mr. D. N. C. Hogg, Col. Herbert Molson, Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Drury, Col. and Mrs. Blaylock, Mr. Balfour, Mrs. L. Grant, Miss Grant, Mrs. Clive Dobell, Mr. H. L. Davis, Mrs. T. E. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sare and Mr. and Mrs. G. Porteous, all of Montreal.

Mrs. Harcourt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross, Miss Burstall, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Breakey, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McGreevy, Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Boswell, Mr. T. Carington Smith, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. McCaffrey, all of Quebec City.

Also present were Dr. and Mrs. MacKinnon, Mrs. and Miss Aitchison and Mrs. Porteous, of New York City. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wilson, of Rimouski; Col. MacNeill, of Ottawa, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. James MacKinnon, Mrs. L. A. Darey, Mrs. Hazen Drury, Mrs. E. B. Worthington, Mrs. Robert Newton and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fuller, of Sherbrooke; Miss Joll, of King's Hall, Compton, accompanied by the Misses Mead, Campbell, K. Barry, H. Clark, P. Dawes, M. Dawes, F. Fisher, J. Cassils, P. Barker, C. Guthrie, B. Leichman, M. Gurd, M. Anderson, B. King, M. Dobbie, H. Meredith and A. Newton, besides Mr. and Mrs. Doucet, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Read, Mrs. L. H. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Harshaw and Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray.

The following Old Boys were also noticed:—Messrs. Dick Price, H. Lewis, Tommy MacDougall, J. Porteous, W. Hall, L. W. Davis, R. Campbell, Guy Smith, G. McGreevy, A. O'Meara, W. McMaster, Ross Patton, Allan Laurie, Jack Scott, D. Grant, P. Doucet, R. Blinco, P. Sise, R. McCrea, H. Sise, A. Dale, L. M. Smith, B. Maclaren, and J. Casgrain, E. J. Sommer, G. Napier, G. McL. Ogilvie, N. Hanna.

MR. BEATTY'S ADDRESS

When your Principal did me the honour to ask me to be present and present the prizes and also address you very briefly, I felt some apprehension lest he thought that the fact that I am associated with a University indicated that I had some academic accomplishments to my credit which would warrant me in addressing the students of Bishop's College School. I must, however, disabuse his mind of any such delusion if he possessed one, because I cannot recall anything that I ever did in a scholastic way which would distinguish me from the average student at any school or college. In fact, if I remember correctly, my initial achievements were far from creditable. I entered a preparatory school in Toronto. I think it was in the year 1889. I rejoiced in the euphonious nickname of "Banty". Most of my spare time was spent in doing extra work occasioned by not doing the work that I should have done when I should have done it. I held an excellent record for the number and extent of canings which I thoroughly well earned, and at the end of a brief sojourn of one year, I received a report which would have utterly discouraged any parents less hopeful than mine. I remember at the end of this report there was written in the Principal's own handwriting these fatal words:—"In the opinion of the Principal, it is not desirable that this pupil should return to the college." Now, that was a bad start, but it taught me certain things which proved of great value in after years. It taught me that not even a very young boy in a preparatory school could afford to just fool around in an aimless, unthinking way and pay no attention to his duties as a pupil or as a student, and that if such an attitude were adopted long enough his failure must eventually follow. It is, of course, just an example of the fact that the first, and even the last, lesson we learn is the value and the dignity of work.

I remember, too, in those days and since, that as a student at the collegiate institute and at the University we were compelled to listen to many older and wiser men advising

us what we should do. Their admonitions were full of "donts" and "musts" and "must nots" until I wondered if there was anything agreeable which was permissible for a boy to do. I realized then, as I have realized many times since, that much allowance must be made for the elasticity of youth and that many of these well-intentioned mentors in their serious and sincere admonitions had forgotten the span of years which separated them from their audience. I made a very serious resolve that if I were ever called upon to address students I would refrain from a series of prohibitions but would confine myself to the things which might be done and properly done. I realize, too, that no matter what advice I gave you even if I were equipped to do so and no matter if what I said were wise, that still you will go out and cheerfully bump your heads against various successive stone-walls in your effort to learn by experience and in your own way.

I must confess, however, that I envy you boys who are only at the beginning of your school work. I envy you the years that you will spend in learning, in sport and in companionship and I envy you particularly because you will take part in the development of this country during a time when its development is apt to be conspicuous. You have all the advantages that we had thirty years ago and you have more in opportunity and in participation in the progress of what is bound to become a very great nation.

When I was coming out here I thought of the kind of thing that I might properly say to you. I have not reached that advanced age accompanied with white whiskers which would give me a paternal appearance or enable me to talk to you in a fatherly way, but I have lived long enough to realize some of the problems you will yourselves meet, and short enough not to be out of sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of a young man. If I were to pick out for you the most admirable quality possessed by the students of this School, I would say that it is that of loyalty; loyalty to your family, to your School, to your University when you reach it, to your country and to yourself, and one of the advantages of belonging to Bishop's College School is the fact that it permits you to feel that loyalty and show it in everything you do. As you know, many universities have won enviable reputations because it was said that the spirit of the students was so excellent and their spirit of loyalty so intense. It has been said of Queen's and it has been proved by Queen's. Some of you may know that I am associated with a Railway Company. It is a very large Railway Company and has been fairly successful for a great many years. And if you have heard of it, you have also perhaps, heard that one of the distinguishing characteristics of that Company was the loyalty that existed among the officers and men and which made its success possible. Loyalty—always a most admirable quality in itself—in addition usually pays.

The second in the long list of qualities which are admirable and which I could mention if time permitted, is imagination. Dreams are not necessarily bad for a boy or a man. Dreams mean idealism and idealism is often followed by constructive vision. Imagination enables a man to take out of life sometimes more than there is in it. Keep some of your delusions even though some may prove to be wrong. Retain as long as you can your faith in other men. We all make mistakes when we rely upon the wrong person who has secured our confidence and sometimes the mistake is costly but I would far rather make those mistakes than become a cynic who did not believe in others and would end by not believing in himself.

The third quality that I would mention is self-reliance, and I think it is probably one of the outstanding characteristics of the Canadian young man. Speaking of it as a valuable addition to a boy's ability to succeed, leads me naturally to speak to you of perhaps the most helpful contributor to the spirit of self-reliance, and that is the field of athletics.

I do not think I would care very much for the boy who devoted his whole time to reading and study; who did not mix with other boys or play their games nor endeavour to excel so far as he properly could in those games. Neither would I place much confidence in the boy who had no love of the out-doors which is so characteristic of Canadians; who did not cultivate the out-doors spirit which takes him on the trails, into the woods, on canoe trips and other diversions which are an indication of his attitude and also an influence in the building up of his physique and his character.

And then I would cultivate a sense of humour—not the harmful humour that only takes delight in the confusion or humiliation of others but that humour which enables a man to laugh at himself and hold himself in proper proportion, a man who sees the bright side and communicates the brightness to others.

Now, most of you will proceed from here to a university and into a profession, or maybe without the university course into business, and you will want to succeed, and perhaps you would not mind my saying some of the things that I have observed that contributed to a man's success.

At the outset come the qualities that I have mentioned to you because they are so admirable in themselves. There are many and I can only mention a few. I have mentioned self-reliance. Couple it with modesty—that fast disappearing virtue—and you have a combination of inestimable value to any boy starting in life. Most men of affairs or in business are very close observers of human nature. They are very quick to appreciate a man's qualities by some isolated and apparently insignificant act of his, and nothing is quite so detrimental as an appearance of self-assurance and a disregard or lack of respect for others. You have all gone to football matches. You have been in public places and you have sat and unconsciously you have judged a man from his demeanor. Did you ever see a man who carried with him an assurance or conceit that was apparent to all, who got a fair hearing or fair treatment or a proper appreciation when he did anything well? Why? Because by his own attitude he has turned a friendly spirit into a hostile one and has no one to blame but himself because he has lost his sense of proportion and his sense of humor.

I remember when I was a student at Toronto University at an important football match the star half-back was not able to start. The game went badly and just before half-time (because in those days under the rules you could not substitute a man after the first half), one of the players conveniently got hurt or sick, which enabled the coach to bring on that particular half-back. There was a large crowd present for those days and he walked all the way from the quadrangle of the residence down the campus to his place at centre half amid a continuous roar from enthusiastic 'Varsity supporters and Toronto people. I think the cheers became louder with every step he took because the man's demeanour was absolutely modest and unconscious. He wasn't even self-conscious. He was, no doubt, very glad he was receiving a friendly greeting but neither

then nor afterwards did he give the slightest indication that he was uplifted. His own modesty doubled and trebled in intensity the approval which he received.

Now, there is a word, not a short and ugly word but a word which is short and glorious which has a great deal to do with a boy's or a man's success, and that is the word "Work". I sometimes think that the spirit of work is departing from our people, that there is not the same appreciation of its value or regard for its importance as there should be. There are many exceptions to every rule in which accident or good fortune seem to have played a great part in a boy's or a man's life, but in the main, real success is probably rarely obtained except through individual effort. You have great advantages. This School and higher colleges can give you much. They can teach you to think, study and analyze and you can acquire the same knowledge but your education in itself will not make you anything. This is a result which must come from your own effort and you will probably find in later years that the satisfaction of your personal achievement will be largely due to the realization that it has been the result of your own work.

Do your own thinking. Advise and consult with others, especially older and more experienced people, as much as you like and as often as you feel impelled to, but if physical exercise is good for your body, and without which you cannot be healthy, thinking is likewise good for your mind. Mental exercise is just as good as athletics if you are later to take your place in a contest where judgment and brains are your chief equipment and not physical prowess.

I used to advise friends of mine here to practice thinking. Very often I spoke too late, but the advice was good nevertheless.

The last quality I am going to mention which helps a boy to succeed is human kindness. Do not be afraid to show your sympathy or offer your help to others. Your own success will never be retarded by a kindly and neighbourly spirit. Remember that you will go much further through the good will of others than you can possibly go by climbing over some one's back. It is no sign of weakness to be charitable. It is a sign of unhealthiness of mind when one knocks and criticizes and endeavours to frustrate the efforts of others.

Now, I have mentioned to you very briefly some of the qualities and attributes of people that I have observed in twenty-three years of business and professional experience. They are not all fundamentals. They do not all go to the root of a man's character without which no man can permanently succeed, but they form part of the equipment to make his lot in life more pleasant and his career more successful, and they are not always observed or mentioned. They are particularly valuable to young Canadians, and Canadians, whether in business or in professions, have earned themselves an enviable reputation for the possession of these manly qualities that won the appreciation of others and through that appreciation the recognition they deserve. As I said to you at the beginning, you are very fortunate. You belong to a good school. You have all the athletic and educational advantages that a boy should have. You live in the best Country in the world, under the best of all flags, and I wish you every success.

Bishop's College School,
Lennoxville,
November 9th, 1925.

SUNSET

Like a gorgeous banner which is lowered from on high,
Fading in its splendour, gilded sun slips from the sky,
And in wild defiance of the fast approaching night
Smites each lofty hill top with a shaft of golden light.

In the awe-full silence of the valley down below,
Purple shadows thicken while they ever deeper grow,
And the peaceful river glides serenely as of old,
Hiding in its blackness scores of secrets never told.

Standing mid the shadows I was filled with thoughts of woe,
Feelings of depression dulled my spirits sinking low.
With a sigh of sorrow did I turn towards the School,
And the scene before me brought sensations sweet and cool:

Bathed in golden sunlight with its red bricks glowing bright,
Standing on the hill top was the School—in fairest light
For a moment spellbound, I was captured by the scene,
Then the charm was broken—and I thought of what had been.

A. B.



FOOTBALL

(From Gazette)

STANSTEAD TEAM WON

In the opening game of the Eastern Township School Rugby League, played on Saturday afternoon, Stanstead defeated Bishop's College School by 38 to 0. The feature of the play was the punting of the winning players.

Team:—Flying Wing—K. Grant; Halves—L. Blinco, W. Mitchell, J. Fuller; Quarter—C. Rankin; Snap—G. E. Auld; Middles—W. Revere, G. Neill; Insides—R. Aitchison, R. Taylor; Outsides—R. R. MacDougall, G. Baker.

(From Daily Record)

HIGH SCHOOL SCORE VICTORY OVER BISHOP'S

**First Time in Many Years that Local Team Won Over College Boys—
An Exciting Game—Score 5 to 0.**

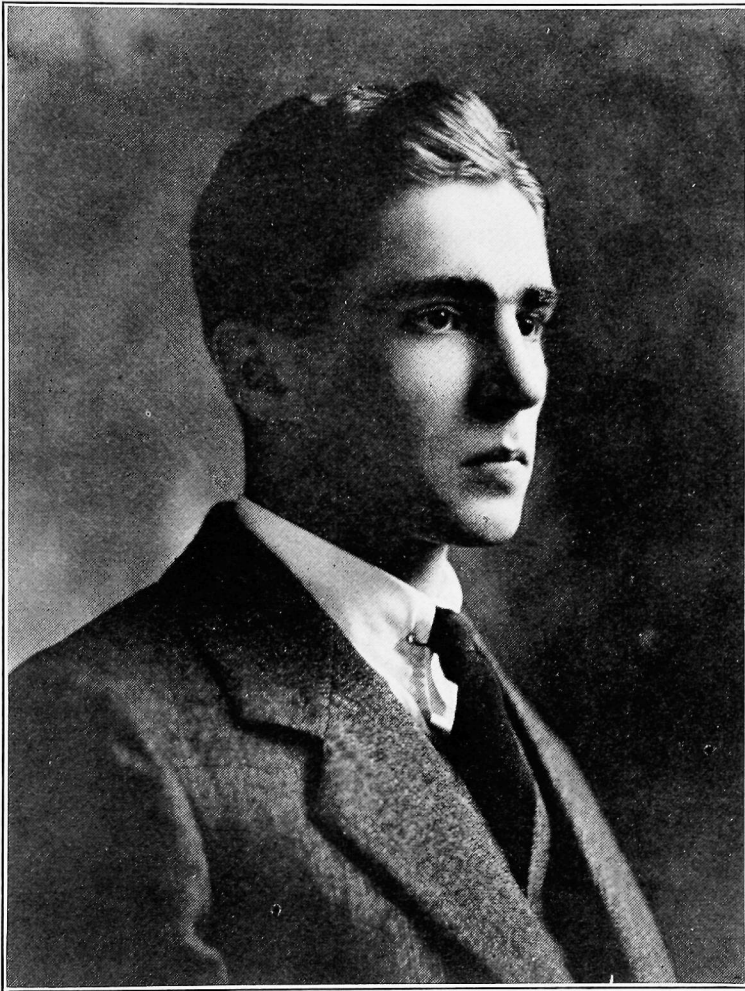
For the first time in a long span of years, the Sherbrooke High School senior gridders carried their colors to victory over the Bishop's College School team, playing on the Parade Grounds yesterday afternoon in a scheduled encounter, the score board at the conclusion of the contest reading Sherbrooke High 5, Bishop's 0.

Yesterdays' contest was the initial meeting of these two squads this season, and, prior to the game, speculation ran high as to which would leave the field victorious.

The game throughout was of a good brand of rugby, the players on both sides making several spectacular plays.

Hammond, captain of the local High, was a star for his side as flying wing.

Blinco and Mitchell starred for Bishop's, the former's long end runs bringing his team within an ace of scoring more than once. The whole squad worked well, and although Sherbrooke seemed to be in the picture more during the first half, the last two quarters were more exciting, owing to the evenness of the two teams. Fumbling at the crucial moments went far towards Bishop's losing out in the contest.



"BILLY" MITCHELL
Captain of Football, Commander of the Cadet Corps
and Senior Prefect.

Made Fine Run

It was shortly before the close of the first quarter that Hammond made his spectacular run which gave his team the victory

A kick by Bishop's struck one of the posts, giving Hammond a fine chance to make yards. B.C.S. forced Sherbrooke to a third down, but a fine run by Saunders again gave the locals the ball. At one time during this period it looked like a touch by Bishop's but Pearson saved, and Sherbrooke held for two downs with the purple and white about five yards from their line. During both these periods both teams showed unusually fine tackling for school rugby.

Bishop's Pressed Hard

B.C.S. started well in the third quarter, which was marked by good holding by both teams. Sherbrooke made yards on a kick, which brought them close to their opponents' line, but Bishop's blocked a drop kick and secured the first down. Spectacular runs by Blinco and Mitchell took their squad down the field with a rush. The locals held, however, and Bishop's fumble of a catch let S. H. S. recover. They lost on a forward pass, and in a few minutes the purple and white were once more only five yards from the line as a result of a fine end run by Blinco. The maroon and white wall held, however, and forced their opponents up the field. Not for long, though, as continued efforts again brought Bishop's near the touch line. Again the local line proved their metal, and kept the visitors from scoring until the final whistle ended the fray.

The line-ups:

Sherbrooke High:—Flying Wing—Hammond; halves, Duff, Heath and Saunders; quarter, Pearson; Snap, Gough, insides, Lilley, Russ, Banks and Echenberg; outside, Bishop, Blue and Mayo; sub. Conley.

Bishops:—School Flying Wing—Montgomery; halves—Mitchell, Blinco and Fuller; quarter—Grant; insides, Aitchison, Rankin, Revere and Neill; outsides—Baker and McDougall. Referee, Langdon, Independents; Umpire, Hawkins, B.C.S.

LOWER CANADA BEAT BISHOP'S IN GRID TILT

Despite the inclement weather of this afternoon, the senior Lower Canada College team played and defeated Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, by a score of 22-0, on the L.C.C. grounds in their annual rugby game played this morning.

The Bishop's College School squad were outplayed in every department of the game. It was in the early part of the match that the winners took a lead by scoring a rouge and a safety touch. At the end of the first period they also had two touchdowns to their credit.

From then on the defeated team played better and every effort was put in play trying to overcome the early scoring. The only remaining points being scored in the second quarter.

Frank White and Mitchell were the stars of the day, each working hard which sometimes gave wonderful results.

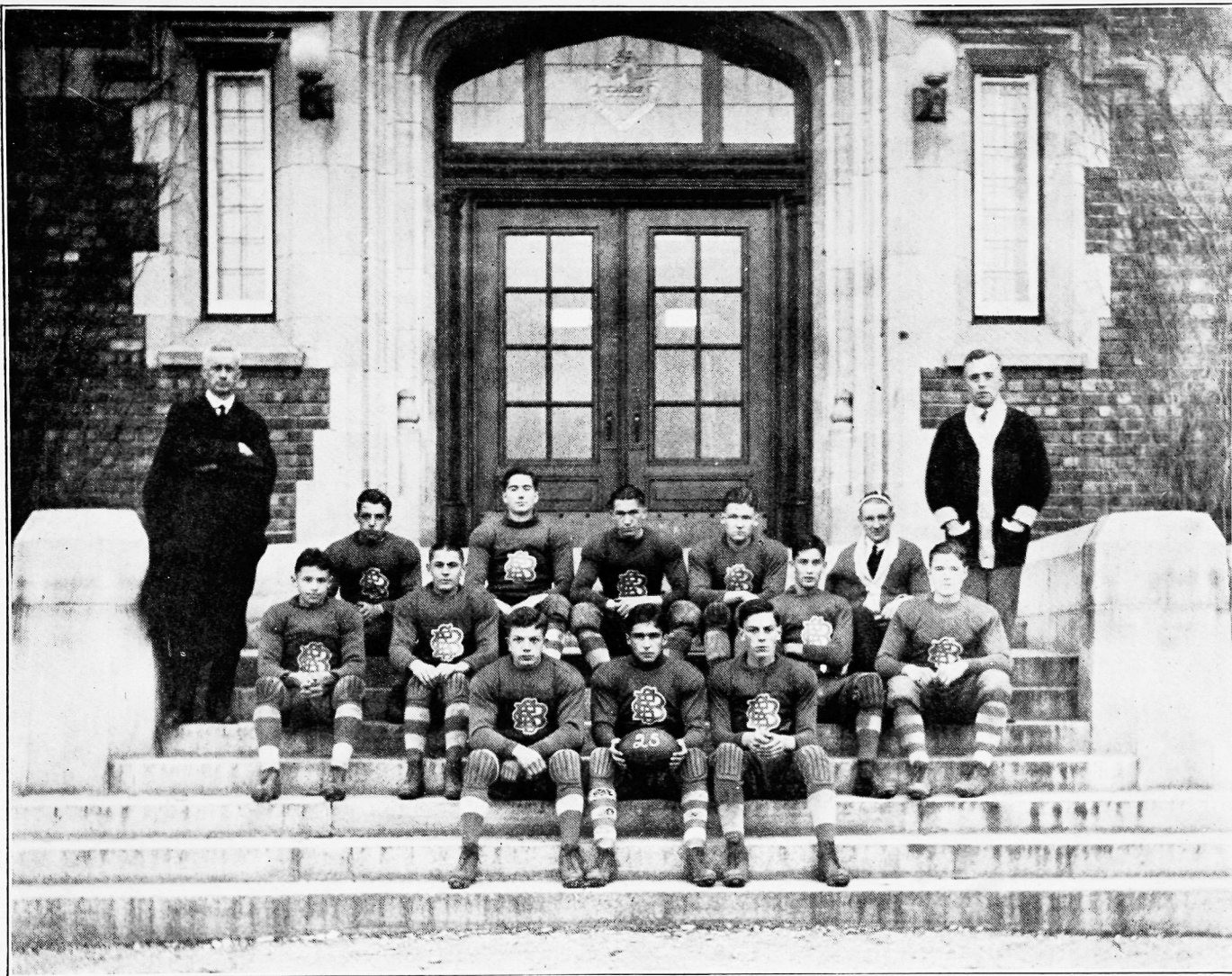
B.C.S.—Flying Wing—R. B. Johnston; Halves—J. Fuller, R. Montgomery, W. Revere; Quarter—K. Grant; Snap—G. E. Auld; Middles—R. Taylor, G. Neill; Insides—R. Aitchison, C. Rankin; Outsides—R. R. MacDougall, G. Baker.

(From the Gazette)

"JINX" OVERCOME BY ASHBURY TEAM

Ottawa "Prep." School Beat Bishop's for First Time Since 1913, 18 to 0.

For the first time since 1913, Ashbury College, of Ottawa, defeated Bishop's College School of Lennoxville in the annual fixture between the two prep. schools at the M.A.A.A. grounds yesterday. The victory was a decisive one, the score being 18 to 0, and was all



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

the more cheering to Ashbury supporters as it broke the twelve-year jinx which has followed them in the annual contests.

"Pop" Irwin was outstanding in the Ashbury triumph, this diminutive backfield player featuring with his running and kicking. Eight of the Ashbury points came from his boot, five rouges and a drop kick, the latter effort all the more praiseworthy owing to the heavy condition of the ball and the slippery field.

Two unconverted touchdowns, one each by Stanfield and Robertson, together with Irwin's efforts made up the Ashbury total. Robertson's try came after a brilliant run of twenty-five yards in the fourth quarter.

Bishop's College School fought a hard game, but seldom had the ball in Ashbury territory, the latter team showing a sterling defence in addition to their brilliant attack.

In a second game, played following the senior fixture, Ashbury scored their second win of the afternoon by a 12 to 0 score. The green-shirted players looked as good in the game as the senior Ashbury squad did in the first, and from the time that Cann ran thirty yards for a try early in the first quarter, the result was never in doubt. Skelton featured this game with his all round work on the winners' back division.

Ashbury:—Flying wing, Stansfield; halves, Irwin, Robertson and McMaster; quarter, Arnold; Snap, Ritchie; insides, Millen and Porter; middles, McLaughlin and Maybury; outsides, Carswell and Foquier. Subs:—Mackenzie, McCurdy and Skelton.

Bishop's College School:—Flying wing, Johnson; halves, Fuller, Balfour and Montgomery; quarter, Grant; snap, Auld; insides, Aitchison and Rankin; middles, Neill and Taylor; outsides, Baker and Revere. Subs:—Sangster, Short and Luther.

LOWER CANADA DOWNED B.C.S.

Lower Canada College, Montreal, took their second game of the season from Bishop's College School in one of the best games seen yet this season in this district. The match was staged at Lennoxville, Saturday morning and L.C.C. won by 10 to 2. B.C.S. showed remarkable improvement, and, in the first couple of periods, looked as though they would take the honours. The Ross boys scored the first two points in the opening period on rouges. Lower Canada got a field goal and rouge in the second and a try and convert in the last quarter.

The B.C.S. players were Revere, Mitchell, Grant, Fuller, Auld, Luther, Rankin, Aitchison, Taylor, Neill, Baker and MacDougall. The game was handled by W. Johnston Cookshire.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE WON FROM BISHOP'S SCHOOL

In a return game at Stanstead, Que., the Stanstead College rugby team swamped the players of Bishop's College School 37-0.

They had the edge on the Lennoxville squad throughout the whole game.

Bishop's suffered from several casualties, the most serious of which was sustained by Luther, who had to be carried off with a badly sprained ankle.

Stanstead excelled in every department. The line was good, both defensively and in supplying interference.

Stockwell and Smith proved constant ground-gainers by line plunging, while long gains were made around the ends by Smyth, Smith and Maule. Maule, who did the

kicking for the home team, hoisted some beautiful spirals and converted a majority of the tries.

The game was handled by E. C. Amaron, of McGill, and McRea, of Bishops.

B.C.S. Line-up:—Flying wing, K. Grant; halves, J. Fuller, W. Mitchell, W. Revere; quarter, D. Luther; snap, G. E. Auld; middles, R. Taylor, G. Neill; Insides, R. Aitchison, C. Rankin, outsides, R. R. MacDougall, G. Baker.

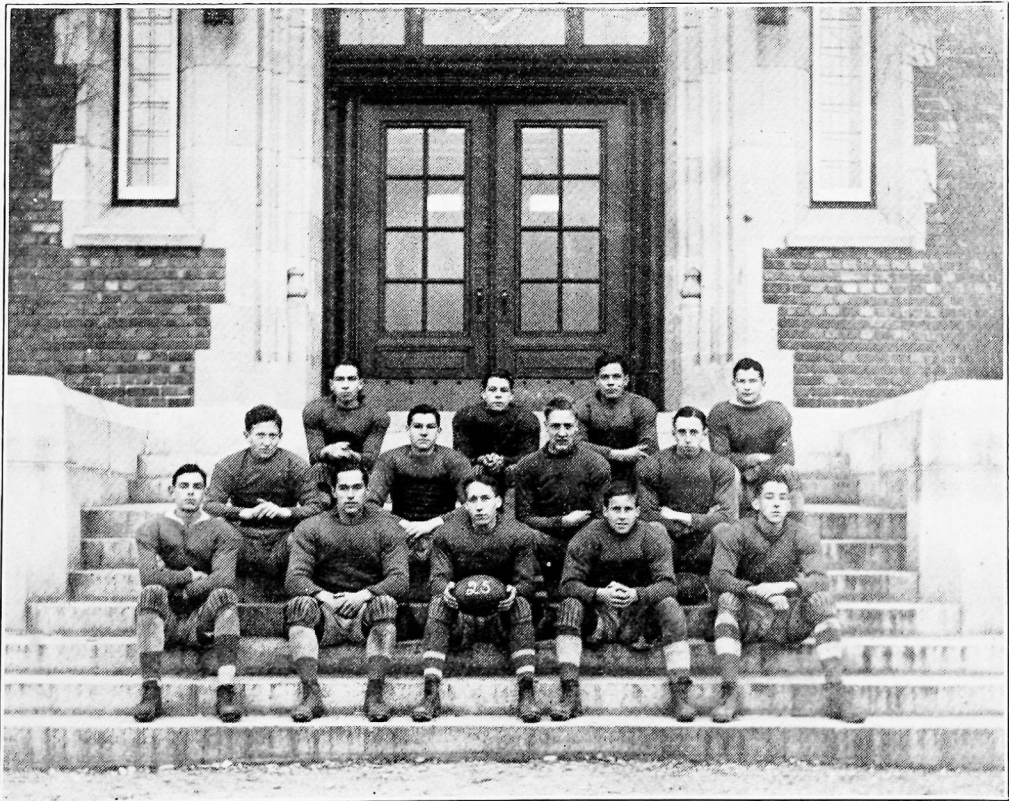
RUGBY GAME—SCHOOL vs. OLD BOYS

Thanksgiving Day, November 9th

The Old Boys opened the scoring in the first period with a touch down within the first five minutes of play. An on-side kick caught by Dale added another touch-down to the fast rising score of the Old Boys. Soon they gained another five points by fast runs and middle plays, thus, in the first doing all the scoring—three touch-downs of which one was converted.

In the second half the School woke up and scored two touchdowns in quick succession, neither of which was converted. Fuller and Revere ran well for the School, while Porteous MacDougall and Dale carried the ball well for the Old Boys.

Final score 17-10 for Old Boys.



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM.

Line up:—	School	Old Boys
	Sangster	Flying Wing R. P. Blinco
	R. Smith	L. halves H. C. MacDougall
	Fuller	C. halves Dick Price
	Rankin I	R. halves W. McMaster
	Grant	Quarter J. Porteous
	Short	Snap W. Hall
	Balfour	Insides H. Sise
	Neel I	Insides G. McCrea
	Taylor	Middles A. Dale
	Neill II	Middles A. J. O'Meara
	Mitchell	Outsides G. Napier
	Revere	Outsides L. W. Davis
	Auld	Subs R. M. Campbell
	Baker	" L. M. Smith
	Johnston I	" D. S. Grant
	Carsley	" B. Ogilvie
		R. McCrea

B.C.S. INTERMEDIATES vs. ASHBURY INTERMEDIATES

Immediately after the first team game, played in Montreal on October 19th, the two intermediate teams took the field. Bishop's kicked off to Ashbury and within the first three minutes Ashbury had scored a touchdown, which was not converted. Ashbury, with the wind and their kicking, managed to score four more points. In the last period Bishop's bucked their way for forty yards, but were halted by the whistle, the final score being 9-0 in favour of Ashbury.

The line-up was as follows:—

B.C.S.	Ashbury
Short	Flying wing A. Mackenzie
Johnston I	Halves Skelton
McGreevy	" Minnes
Smith II	" Cann
Luther	Quarter Mickles
Hall I	Snap W. L. Ross
Carsley	Insides Eakin
McNeill	Insides Phelan
Neel I	Middles McCurdy
Markey	Middles F. Mackenzie
Sangster	Outsides W. G. Ross
Duggan	Outsides Gamble
Breakey I	Subs. Graham
Drury I	" Southam
	Challies
	McPhail
	Oppe

Officials:—O'Donnell and Rhodes.

THE PREP. GAME

On Wednesday, October 15th, the old boys of the Prep. School played the present Prep. first team in soccer.

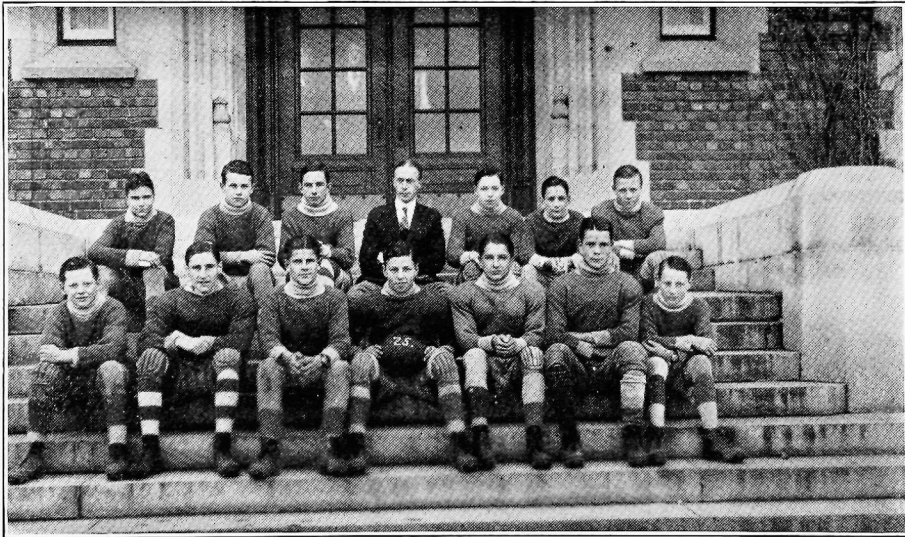
The first game was a draw, the score being 0-0; however, in the second game, we were victorious, winning 1-0.

Old Boys' Team

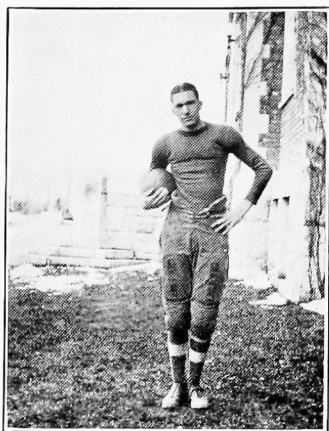
Simms	Goal
Markey II	Back
Roberts	Back
Sise	Half
MacDougall II	Half
Ogilvie	Half
Coristine II	Forwards
Weaver	"
Kennedy	"
Kenny	"
Patton II	"

Prep Team.

Read II
McGreevy II
Patton III
Aitchison II
MacKinnon
Boswell
Davis I
Gurd
MacDougall III
Luther II
Lorimer I



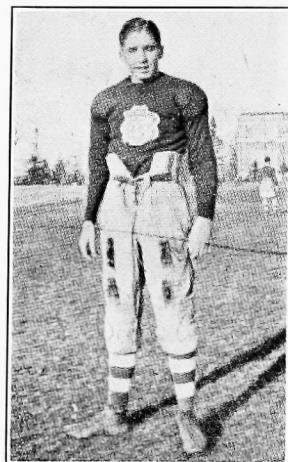
THIRD FOOTBALL TEAM.



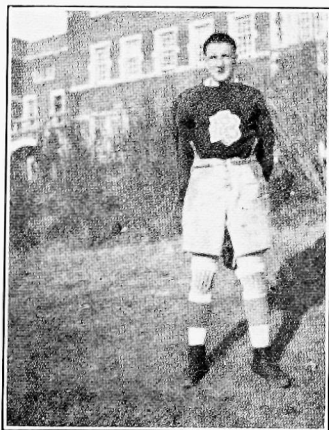
"PAUL"

Revere—Paul. Flying wing. Experience last year on the line and frequently at half developed him into a versatile footballer; a fast plunger and on the defence a sure and steady tackler.

Mitchell—Bill. Centre half. Fully justified his election as captain for 1925. Handles the team well on the field and is the hardest worker. Great as he was on the winning team of 1924, this player was even greater on the losing team of 1925. It is good to win games, but to show "heart" and to keep it up in others is even better.



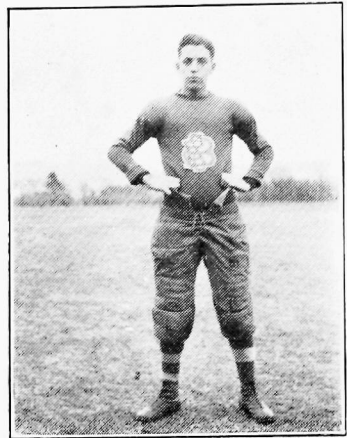
"BILL"



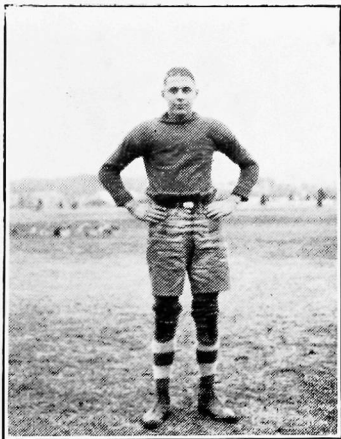
"JOE"

Blinco—Joe. Centre-half. The only thing "Joe" cannot do is kick. Fast on an end run, a smashing plunger, tricky, sure with his hands and a deadly tackler, he was a tower of strength to the team. At a critical point in the season he and his collar bone disagreed—hard luck!, of course; but we hasten to congratulate both him and the school on his election as captain of the 1926 team.

Fuller—Jack. Right-half. Came to the School well grounded in American football. His work in the backfield was above praise, but his catching and tackling may be mentioned as outstanding. We expect to see his drop-kick even more effective next year, when, partner with Blinco, he will help to make up a fast and clever half line.



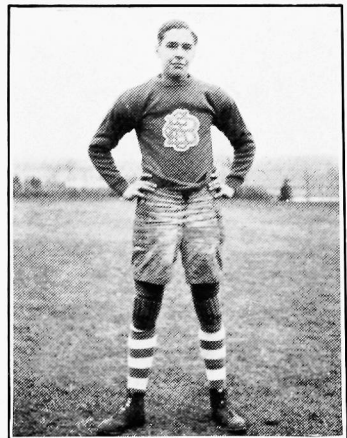
"JACK"



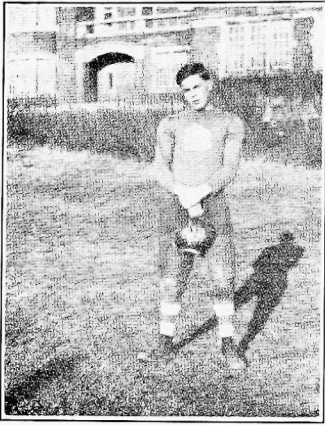
"FLIN"

Grant — Flin. Left-half. Has developed remarkably in the past two years. Outstanding points are his catching and tackling. He should be one of the most valuable players on the 1926 team.

Luther—Doug. Quarter. Has most of the qualities necessary for this difficult position, a good pair of hands, judgment in calling the play and speed in getting it under way.



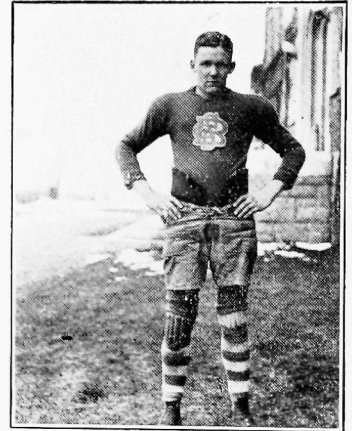
"DOUG"



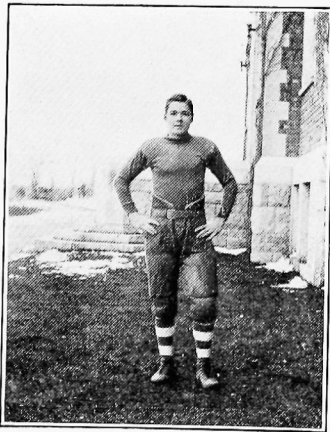
"GEORGIE"

Auld—Georgie. Snap. Was one of the three members of last year's team, and by him the centre of the line was well taken care of. Works mostly with the quarter and effectively with the insides.

Rankin I—Ranker. Inside. Is a newcomer to the School and is to be congratulated on getting his cap the first year. He did the bulk of the kicking, and his lofty spirals were always dangerous to opponents. At inside he showed courage, resource and splendid defence.



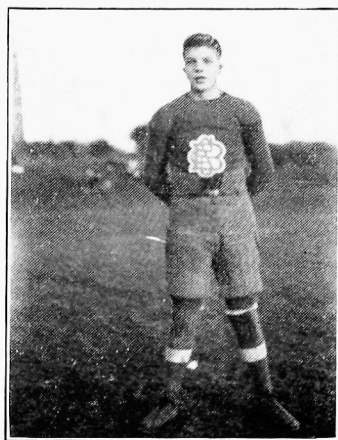
"RANKER"



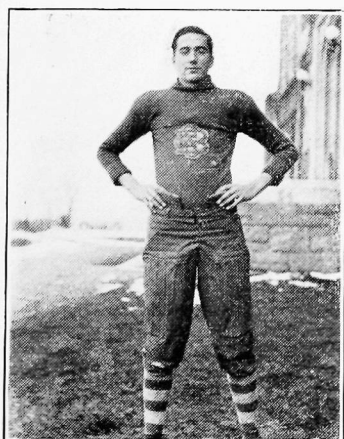
"AITCHIE"

Aitchison—Aitchie. Inside. Is one of the best defence men the School has seen in several years, usually in every play and a glutton for work, deadly in tackling and a fine support to both snap and middle beside him.

Neill II—Gordie. Middle. Knows what is meant by hitting the line—so did opponents who happened to be in the way. When yards were to be made he got the calls, and, to his credit, rarely failed. We predict a great year for him in 1926.



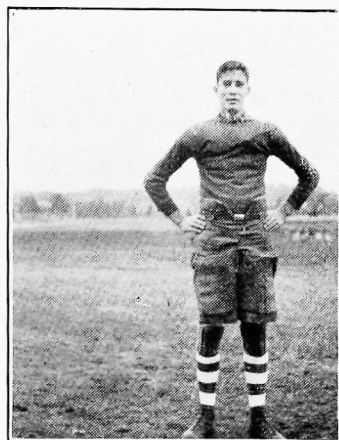
"GORDIE"



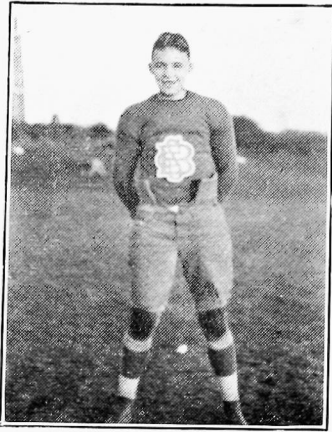
"DICK"

Taylor—Dick. Middle. Rose to the occasion this year when the School lacked a good middle, and by his steady defence and aggressive ball-carrying played his position well.

MacDougall—Mac. Outside. Ruined many an end run by opponents. He seems to have the football sense of knowing where the ball is—and goes to it by the shortest and hardest route. On kicks he was always down the field waiting for the opposing half, and usually got him.

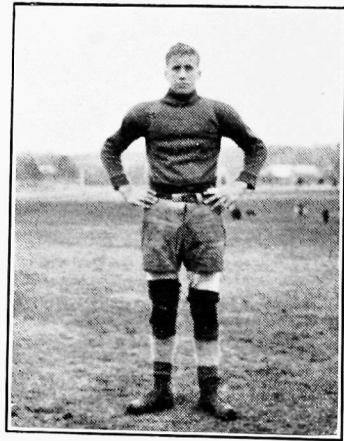


"MAC"

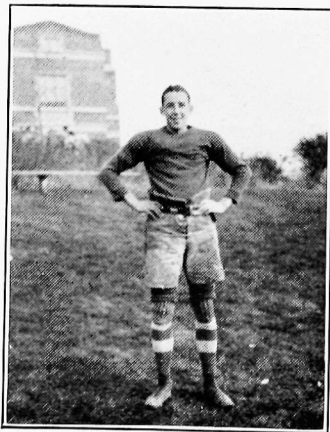


"POVEY"

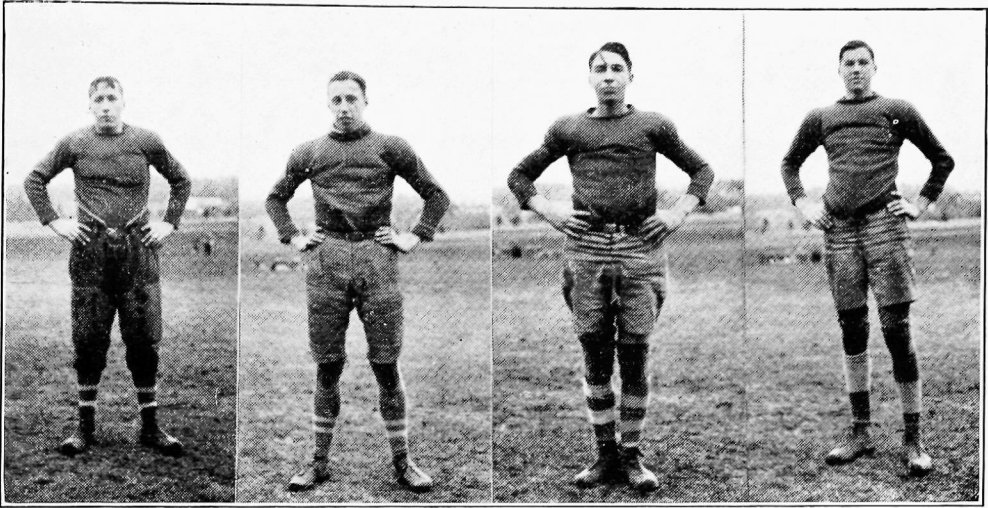
Baker—Povey. Outside. Loses nothing by comparison with his able brother in the same position 3 years ago. In addition to tackling ability, he has the tenacity which keeps on fighting when is all but "out" on his feet. And that is the stuff of which footballers are made.



"ERIC"



"MONTY"



"RIDGE"

"TUSK"

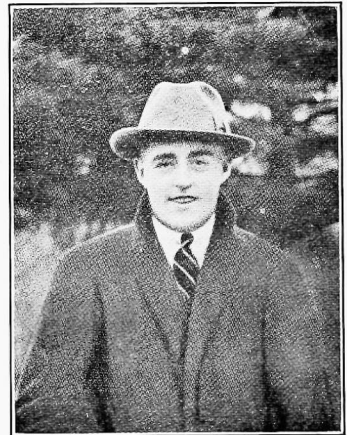
"JIM"

"BIM"

Sangster, Montgomery, Short, Neel I, Balfour, Johnston I and Rocksborough-Smith, were subs and to them is due all praise. Called on in practically every game, they often did what seemed to us on the side line better than their best. The experience they had this year should gain a cap in 1926 for each of the three subs who will return to the School.

"Bill" McDonald coached the team for the third consecutive year, and it was no fault of his that the success of previous years was not repeated. He gave us many new and snappy plays, and had the boys on their toes throughout the season, but the casualty list incurred in several early games was unfortunate. To Bill is partly due the fighting spirit of the team, and it is hoped by all that his smile and "Come on, fellows" will be with us next year.

Thanks also go to Mr. Hawkins for his keen interest in Rugby during the whole season.

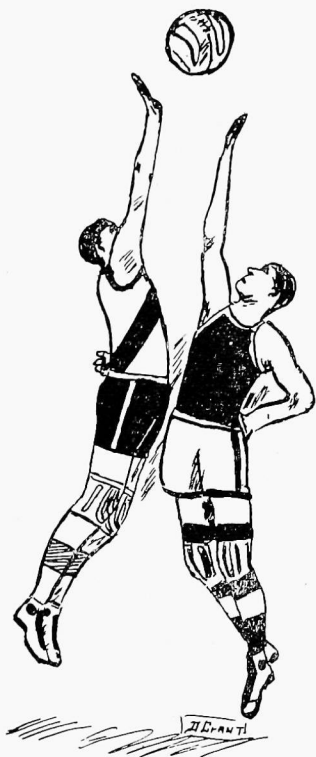


"BILL"

BASKET-BALL**B.C.S. vs. Y.M.C.A.**

Our team did very well, having a very good combination and much good shooting. Capt. Blinco played only a short time during the game as he had not fully recovered from a broken collar-bone received in football. For the first game the team worked well together, Mitchell, Fuller and Neel working admirably as forwards, while Revere and Grant guarded their men well and prevented any excessive scoring on the part of the Sherbrooke boys.

Score: B.C.S. 31. Y.M.C.A. 12



Teams		
B.C.S.		Y.M.C.A.
Fuller	forward	Blue
Mitchell	forward	Marchant
Neel	center	Lilly
Grant	guard	Sangster
Revere	guard	Ransehousan
Subs.		Subs.
Blinco		Harmer
Johnston II		
Carsley		

Further Basketball Results:—

Dec. 2nd—B.C.S. vs. Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. Score B.C.S. 18. Y.M.C.A. 19.

Dec. 5th—B.C.S. vs. CIRCO team. Score B.C.S. 14. CIRCO 11.

Dec. 10th—B.C.S. vs. Y.M.C.A. Score B.C.S. 20. Y.M.C.A. 6.

ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVED AT BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

Reprinted from The Sherbrooke Record, Nov. 12th

A few minutes before eleven o'clock yesterday, the boys of Bishop's College School lined up in front of the tablet erected in the entrance hall to the memory of the "Old Boys" who fell in the great War. Before the two minutes' silence was observed, the Headmaster reminded the boys that the school eleven years ago was very much like the school of today; that the boys were just as fond of comfort as boys are now, but when the call came for men, they responded, and went out not knowing whither they were going, to face the discomfort of the camp, the fatigue of the march, the danger of trench and listening-post, and the horrors of gas, bayonet and shell.

THE MEMORIAL SKATING RINK

Those who have not recently been in close touch with the School will not be aware that, when the old premises were abandoned in the summer of 1922, an arrangement was made whereby we were to have the use of our old rink for only three winters. As no memorial other than the tablet in the entrance hall had been erected to the memory of our Old Boys who fell in the Great War, and as a rink was our most pressing need, the Directors decided that the memorial building, which they had long had in contemplation, should take this form.

In consequence of the generous response which had been made to their appeal for donations, the Directors felt on Thanksgiving Day that they were in a position to accept Mr. Jenckes' tender and to instruct him to proceed with the work at once. It was on Armistice Day, shortly after the School, lined up in front of the Memorial Tablet, had observed two minutes' silence, that the first load of contractor's tackle was deposited on the site. Ever since that day we have watched the building operations with the greatest interest, and we are rejoiced to think that the rink is to be ready for use at the beginning of next term.

The ice surface, which will measure a hundred and seventy-five feet by seventy-five, will be nearly twice the size of the old rink. This will be surrounded by a gangway six feet wide for spectators; and, as the corners of the ice surface are to be well rounded, this will also be used as a running track, eleven laps of which will almost exactly make one mile.

It was felt that the building should be worthy of the object with which it is being erected, and should, moreover, be in keeping with the School Buildings. The walls are therefore being built of Laprairie bricks. The roof trusses are to be of steel and will be carried on steel stanchions. Between the eaves of the main roof and the top of the low roof over the running track, the plans show a clerestory running all round the building.

In deciding upon the site the Directors had to take into consideration the future extension of the School buildings. For this reason it was decided not to build on the site of the open air rink. The position, though involving a great deal of excavation in the

clay, has the advantage of being very near both Upper and Preparatory Schools. After playing hockey, boys will merely have to cross the quadrangle at the back of the School to reach their showers.

Provision is being made for draining away the melting ice; and, as it is intended to cover the earth bottom with ashes, the rink will, outside the skating season, be available for use as a covered playground.

The following have subscribed to the Fund for New Rink:

Estate Sir William Price	J. Hamilton	John Laird
J. K. L. Ross	S. W. Blaiklock	R. H. Morewood
Colonel Herbert Molson	Robert Howard	H. S. King
Frank W. Ross	Douglas Cowans	L. E. Baker
H. W. Molson	T. S. Gillespie	D. Allan Laurie
E. W. Beatty	C. E. Gudewill	C. H. Pigot
G. H. Montgomery	H. W. Blaylock	Geo. Craig
A. E. Ogilvie	S. R. Fuller	R. H. Price
G. R. Hooper	H. W. Wilson	P. F. Sise
H. B. MacDougall	T. P. Doucet	R. P. Blinco
Mrs. H. B. MacDougall	Doucet	R. G. C. Smith
John H. Price	Lady Drummond	E. J. Sommer
John F. Patton	G. W. MacDougall	B. W. MacLaren
P. F. Sise	The Headmaster	H. E. Sise
Sir Montagu Allan	F. H. Markey	H. R. Patton
R. E. MacDougall	F. W. Sharp	R. M. Campbell
Senator Smeaton White	R. H. Balfour	N. Hanna
J. H. A. Acer	G. H. Shuter	M. V. Bancroft
G. W. Cook	W. W. Ogilvie	T. P. Doucet
A. C. Price	B. M. Ogilvie	W. R. McMaster
C. E. Price	H. C. MacDougall	D. M. Drury
R. H. Price	T. H. P. Molson	L. M. Smith
Hon. W. G. Mitchell	W. P. Laurie	Mrs. John Breakey (Sr.)
C. F. Sise	H. Meredith	John (Ian) Breakey
F. E. Meredith	R. Kane	Grant Hall
Mrs. Hazen Porteous	D. H. Macfarlane	E. C. Smith
C. M. Black	A. C. Smith	A. Wilkinson
A. Black	E. C. Smith	Boys and Masters of B.C.S.
C. Greenshields	D. C. T. Atkinson	W. E. J. Luther
N. D. Noyes	Edmund Burke	



SOME OF THE VISITORS.

June Closing

(Reprinted from The Sherbrooke Record, June 13th)

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL CLOSING

Prizes Won During Year Presented by Commander J. K. L. Ross— Fine Programme of Sports

Fine weather conditions contributed to the success which attended the closing at Bishop's College School yesterday. The greater part of the day was devoted to athletics and it was interesting to watch Commander J. K. L. Ross display his old time keenness behind the wickets in the cricket match between the school and the old boys. The Annual athletic sports, under the auspices of the B.C.S. track team were run off in the forenoon, following which luncheon was served.

Before calling upon Commander Ross to distribute the prizes, the Headmaster, Mr. S. P. Smith, referred to the trophies which the boys had won during the year; the Russell football cup, the Eastern Townships School hockey cup, and Governor-General's shield, competed for each year by the cadet corps of the Dominion.

Outstanding among the prizes presented were the following:—The Hon. Walter Mitchell Cup, for the boy of greatest service to the school, awarded to R. R. McMaster, Montreal. Special prize donated by Miss M. Johnstone, of New York, for the boy who has made the greatest effort to improve in his work and in his conduct, awarded to N. T. Neel, of New Jersey.

Cup for all round championship won by J. Hamilton, of Quebec. Cup for junior all round championship, won by K. Grant, of Montreal. Cup for all round championship, preparatory school, won by Paul Sise, Montreal.

Following the distribution of prizes, the cadet corps paraded under Major Campbell and was inspected by Commander J. K. L. Ross and Major Paul Sise. The next event was the annual cricket match between the school and the old boys, the old boys winning by the narrow margin of three runs.

The results of the different competitions were:—

Half mile handicap, 9 entries—1 Mitchell, 2 Hamilton, 3 Revere. 2 min. 14 4-5 sec.

High Jump, seniors, 10 entries—1 Hamilton, 2 Patton I. 5 ft.

High Jump, junior, 7 entries—1 Payan, 2 R. Smith, III, 3 Patton II. 4 ft. 3 ins.

Throwing cricket ball, 13 entries—1 Hanna, 2 Watters and Hamilton tied, 96 yd. 6 ins.

Pole vault, 7 entries—1 Blinco, 2 Monk, 8 ft. 6 ins.

Three legged race (open), 12 entries.—1 Revere and Hamilton, 2 Monk and Watters, 3 Neill and Boulton.

16 lb. shot put, senior, 9 entries.—1 Barry, 2 Hamilton, 3 Revere, 30 ft. 3 ins.

Broad jump, senior, 6 entries—1 O'Meara, 2 Revere, 3 Monk, 18 ft. 2 ins.

Broad jump, junior, 7 entries.—1 R. Smith II, 2 Payan, 15 ft. 8 ins.

220 yards open (Prep.), 8 entries.—1 Sise, 2 Weaver, 3 Coristine.

100 yards, senior, 8 entries.—1 Campbell, 2 MacDougall, 3 Revere.

100 yards (under 15), 5 entries.—1 Cleghorn, 2 Black, 3 Hall.

100 yards (Prep.), final, 7 entries.—1 Aitchison, 2 Sise, 3 MacDougall.

100 yards (Prep. under 12), 6 entries.—1 R. Smith, 2 Hubbard, 3 Sare.

440 yards, senior, 6 entries.—1 O'Meara, 2 Campbell, 3 Mitchell.

440 yards (under 16), 4 entries.—1 Grant II, 2 R. Smith, 3 Payan.

Prep. handicap (open).—1 R. Smith, 2 Richardson, 3 Gurd.

120 yards hurdles (senior), 5 entries.—1 Hamilton, 2 Grant I, 3 Revere.

120 yards hurdles (junior), 10 entries.—1 Cleghorn, 2 R. Smith, 3 Grant.

120 yards hurdles (Prep.), final, 4 entries.—1 Patton, 2 Aitchison, 3 Weaver.

Sack race (open), 13 entries.—1 Cleghorn, 2 Drury, 3 Black.

Sack race (Prep.), final, 12 entries.—1 Davis II, 2 Dyer, 3 Luther II.

220 yards, seniors, 6 entries.—1 Revere, 2 MacDougall, 3 Hamilton.

Three Legged race (Prep.), final, 8 teams.—1 Anderson and Lorimer, 2 R. Smith and Luther II.

Old boys' race, 100 yards.—1 Dale, 2 Napier, 3 Baker.

Sack race, Upper vs. Prep., first three in events 21 and 22.—1 Davis II, 2 Dyer, 3 Cleghorn.

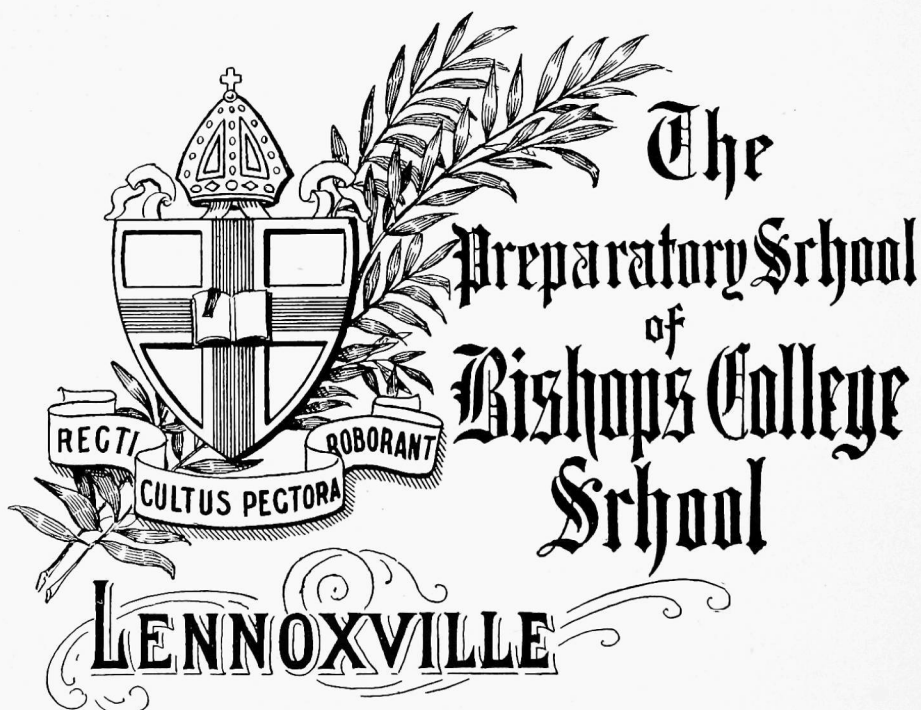
Mile (open), 5 entries.—1 O'Meara, 2 Mitchell, 3 Smith I.

Consolation, Upper.—1 Grant I, 2 Balfour.

Consolation, Prep.—1 Markey II, 2 MacDougall, 3 Holmes.

Among those from out of town that attended the closing at Bishop's College School yestreday were:—Commander J. K. L. Ross, Mrs. Hartland MacDougall, Major Paul Sise, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacDougall, Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Campbell,

Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McMaster, Mrs. W. H. Watters, Mr. and Mrs. Magor, Mr. B. Austin, Mrs. H. K. A. Drury, Miss Joll, Mrs. C. P. Cleghorn, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Coristine, Mrs. D. Cowans, Mr. C. E. Gudewill, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Read, Mr. I. W. Dyer, Mr. A. E. Riepert, Dr. Geo. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Doucet, Miss Doucet, Miss Douglas, Mr. M. Hanna, Mr. J. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Read, Dr. and Mrs. Meakins, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Gurd, Mr. E. J. Holland, Mrs. H. Kennedy, Mr. J. D. Lorimer, Mr. W. E. J. Luther, Mrs. H. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Boswell, Mr. H. S. McGreevy, Mrs. J. P. Black, Mr. W. A. Murray, Col. E. R. MacNeill, Mrs. W. P. Neel, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Blinco, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Breakey, Mrs. John Breakey, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Breakey, Mrs. J. A. Scott, Mrs. D. A. O'Meara, Miss Jessie Patton, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Payan, Mrs. H. D. Roberts, Mrs. and Mr. F. W. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shehyn, Mrs. F. E. Lovell, Miss Lovell, Mrs. H. Simms, Mrs. Harcourt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wilson, Mr. E. B. Cochrane, Among the Old Boys were Messrs. Troy Blinco, Kenneth Glassford, Gordon Napier, Rex Moore, Alan Dale, Norman Moseley, J. R. Stewart, Robert McCrea, Noel Brooks and Robt. MacKay.



Returning on September 15th from our long delightful holidays, much braced thereby, we quickly got into harness both in the classroom and the playing fields. We gave a very hearty welcome to all new boys. Since then, we have been so busily and happily employed that no heed has been paid to the "arch enemy", and we now find ourselves, almost before we are aware of it, faced with the thought of "Christmas Exams." But, most blessed thought, the "Christmas holidays" gleam ahead also, and each one of us in our different ways offers a glad note of thankfulness to the "Giver of all good things". We have had a very enjoyable term, and are much excited and delighted at the thought of our new skating rink now in course of erection—(the Architect being the Headmaster, who has given a great deal of thought and time to its construction, and to whom we are much indebted for his big share in this most useful addition to our beloved School). The Preparatory think it will serve a double purpose—Skating in the season, and a happy playground on wet days in spring and fall.

Mrs. H. B. MacDougall has our grateful thanks for a welcome gift of books.

As usual, a very happy time was spent at Hallowe'en, and we sincerely thank Mr. C. C. Kay for his generous gift of apples, for which we ducked with the usual eagerness to obtain the "lucky ones".

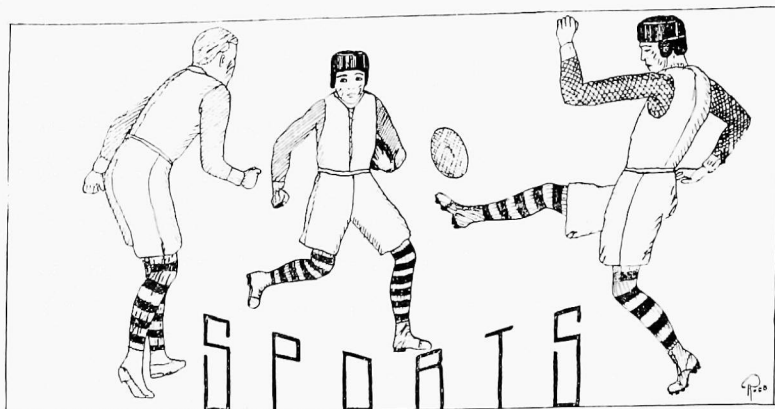
Thanksgiving was a most cheery day, a great number of parents and other pleasant visitors being on the scene of action. Mr. Beatty's speech was thoroughly enjoyed by all of us; and the excellent report of the Headmaster was listened to with great attention, the Preparatory receiving a "pat on the back", for supplying such a list of prize winners, and we congratulate our Old Boys on doing so well.

For an example of thorough sportmanship in playing losing games we thank our older brothers, for without the services of their great ground-gainer, Blinco, and with Captain Mitchell (keenness personified) practically *hors de combat* all the season, they yet fought to the last ditch on every occasion, and it is well for us youngsters to see this good losing spirit exemplified.

In conclusion we wish all friends, parents and Old Boys a Very Happy Christmas.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL, FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM.



FOOTBALL 1925

Although the weather this term has not been at its best, until Thanksgiving there was hardly a day on which we could not play football.

After learning what we had forgotten from last year, and also, we hope, a little more, we began the Dormitory games. "A" showed itself the superior dormitory. Of the other two the Lower Flat defeated the Upper Flat by one goal in one game, the other game being a draw.

We played two matches against the Old Boys. The first, after a long tussle, was undecided. In the second, the Old Boys, who could not defeat us with their own team, hired aliens (giant new kids), and then only managed to score one goal against us.

The outstanding players of the team are Davis I, centre-forward; Read, goal-keeper; and Aitchison, inside right. They are old "colours", and have helped considerably to make this year's team. We are grateful to Sergeant-major Fisher for his help every Tuesday.

The team is as follows:—Read, goal-keeper; Patton and McGreevy, backs; MacKinnon, Davis II, Boswell, half-backs; Gurd, Aitchison, Davis I (captain), MacDougall III Luther II, forwards.

Remove.

PoRteous
McGreEvy II
LoriMer I
COwans I
DaVis I
LuthEr

To complete the map

Rocksborough-Smith
MacDougall III
Aitchison II
Patton III

Jokes

Teacher:—"What are 2 and 4?"

Tommy:—"Six, sir."

Teacher:—"What is 2 and 6 then?"

Tommy:—"Half-a-crown, sir."

Visitor (to Cowboy in remote western village):—"Is it healthy out here?"

Cowboy:—"Sure, they had to shoot a couple of people to start a cemetery."

Gentleman:—"What are you crying for, little boy?"

Boy:—"I lost a penny."

Gentleman:—"A penny does not travel very far these days, does it?"

Boy:—"Yes, it dropped down the well."

Girl:—"Well, if you don't tell me how old you are, I'll see it on your grave stone."

Teaching (asking riddles):—"When is a chicken not a chicken?"

Boy (hurriedly):—"When it is a hen."

A STUDY IN BARS

Teddy was walking down **Caravan** street, to meet **Sweet Marie**, and he said to her, "Let's go to the **Lucky Date Quick Lunch** and have some **Cheese Flakes**. There they met their Dutch Friend **Riley**. Then they went down **Cherry Ripe** Alley and bumped into **Planters Peanut** stand. They crossed **Fry** street where they met **Molly-O** and together went to the **Virginia** theatre and saw **Sweet Sixteen**.

REMOVE SARCASM

A is for Aitchison, half pumpkin is he.

C is for Cowans as fat as can be.

D is for Davis, a fatheaded grump

L is for Lorimer I, a big lump.

L also for Luther, a red-headed worm,

M is for MacDougall, who's always a squirm,

M is for McGreevy, a good little chap.

P is for Patton, who's a bit of a sap.

P is for Porteous, who cannot be downed.

S is for Smith who jumps all around.

Prose and poetry are hard,
To budding authors and the bard,
So please accept these offerings small,
With a Merry Christmas to you all.



FORM IIA NOTES

W. Clarke

J. SarE

R. Anderson

A. Read

J. McClurE

P. D Avis

H. F. G. Boswell

J. Richardson

S. F. HubbArd

D. MacKInnon

R. D. ANderson

I. W. DYer

H. F. G. Boswell

D. COwans

J. SaRe

J. A. McClure

My first is in pepper and not in salt,
 My second is in opera and not in vault,
 My third is in tent but not in key
 My whole is a utensil,
 The answer is pot as you see.

Lawyer:—"Where were you on the 18th?"

Defendant:—"With some friends."

Lawyer:—"Thieves, probably."

Defendant:—"Yessir, lawyers both of them."

Employer:—"I advertised for a strong boy; do you think you are strong?"

Boy:—"I think so; I licked the other fifteen in the hall."

Little boy:—"Is it right to say 'water the horse' when it is thirsty?"

Mother:—"Yes, quite right."

Little Boy (picking up a saucer):—"I am going to milk the cat."

One boy said to another:—"Were there as many vowels in the Latin language as there are now?"

The other boy:—"No, because U and I weren't there."



Our football now is nearly o'er,
And basketball begins once more.
Hockey is the joining link
Which we'll enjoy in our new rink.

IIB NOTES

Pat and Mike went into an inn and saw some horse-radish on the table. Mike took a taste of it and began to cry. Pat said:—"What are you crying for?"

Mike:—"Because my father was hanged two years ago."

Pat took a taste and also began to cry. "Why are you crying?" says Mike.

Pat:—"Because you were not hanged with your father."

Dale:—"Wait till I get you after school!"

McCaffrey:—"What do you mean?"

Drummond:—"Quit it."

Lorimer II:—"Stop shaking."

Hefty:—"I can stop a train with one hand."

McGuire:—"How?"

Hefty:—"Pull the throttle, of course."

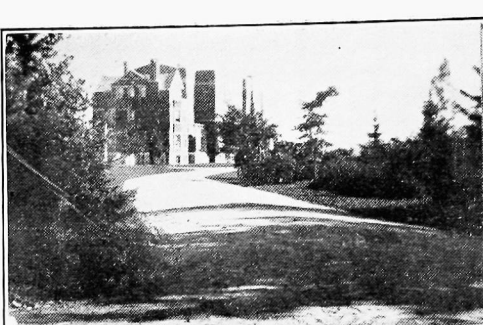
Not hard

"How long did it take you to learn to run a motor car?"

"Oh, three or four."

"Weeks?"

"No, motor cars."



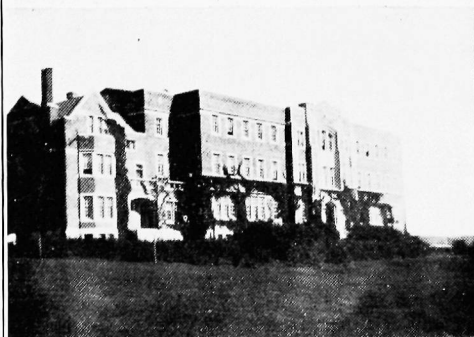
THE SCHOOL FROM THE POWER HOUSE.



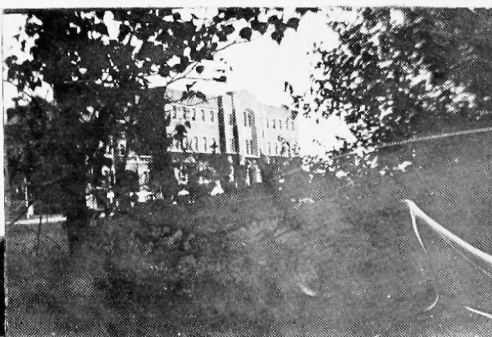
THE CLOISTERS.



THE RINK IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE MAIN BUILDING.

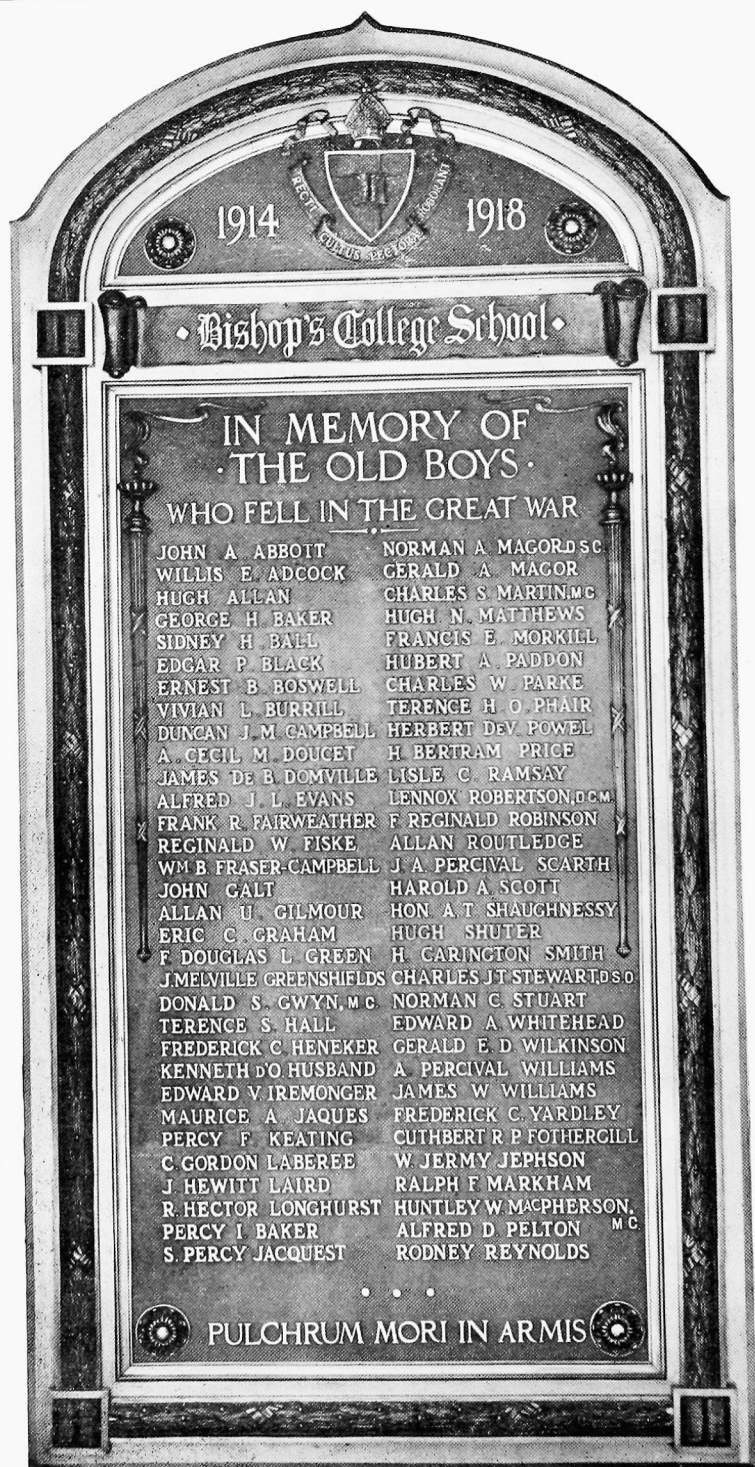


THE SCHOOL FROM THE POWER HOUSE.

*With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.*

*By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;*
.....

A. E. HOUSMAN



*In the silence of the school-room, among the desks
deserted,
Ink-stained and marred by marks of many hands,
Through the windows in the moon-light by driving
rain-clouds skirted,
Come the visions of Old Boys from many lands.
And quietly and mournfully they take their well-
known places,
And their books lie open by them on the form,
And they see, as in a mist-wraith, the old forgotten
faces
With the scar-marks of the world's eternal storm.*

“FOR REMEMBRANCE”

Old Boys Notes

Major-General Sir W. C. G. Heneker (1876-84), when we heard from him before the publication of our last issue was at the Headquarters of the 3rd Division, Salisbury Plain. He hoped to be in Canada, and said that he looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to again seeing Lennoxville and the Old School. His photograph may be seen in one of the Old Boys' teams in this section.

We have heard from George Breakey, who was here in 1864-1865.

Pemberton Smith, 1882-7, has promised to write an account of some of the doings while he was here, for another issue.

Terry Mitchell, 1916-19, is working with the St. Lawrence Pulp and Paper Co. at St. Paulin, Que.

B. K. Boulton, 1916-19, is an electrical engineer in the Duke-Price Power Co.

We are fortunate in having secured the services of Gerald Wiggett (1908-09), as honorary coach for next term.

Robert and "Happy" Mackay are studying with Colonel Gordon Browne eight miles from Oxford, preparing for entrance to the University.

"Doughy" Baker is now back in Yarmouth and is much missed by all his friends around Montreal.

Gordon Napier ran for the M.A.A.A. last summer, and took 3rd place in the Dunlop Road Race, being the first M.A.A.A. man in. He is now playing with the M.A.A.A. Junior Football team, champions of Quebec and runners-up for the Dominion Championship.

R. M. C. NOTES

Tommy MacDougall, our most prominent Old Boy at R.M.C., commands a company and is second ranking man at the College. Tommy was sub-quarter for the football team, and he also did well in field sports.

"Bandy" Rogers is a platoon commander and is well to the fore in his class. His speed secured him first place in the hundred yards and several other events. He displayed his football ability in the inter-platoon matches, and has been on the hockey team since he came four years ago. He is Captain this year.

"Buzz" Holt, a corporal, is as cheerful as when we last saw him, and his appearance at College concerts is always vigorously applauded.

Bill Ogilvie, a lance-corporal, manages the football team and in his spare time excels in field sports.

"Booney" McLeod took up football again this year and secured a place on the first team as an outside.

"Niner" Smith is in his third year and bears an enviable reputation as a horseman.

Hartland Molson played quarter for the team against Queen's. In intervals between games and studies, he plays the traps in the orchestra.

"Bart" Ogilvie still distinguishes himself by his equestrian ability, but he has shaved his moustache.

"Rosie" Patton is an artist and wins swimming races as of yore.

"Cootie" Smith, besides being an excellent scholar, has done very well in field sports. He made the Harrier team and so ran in the intercollegiate cross-country at McGill.

"Beezer" McGreevy plays platoon football, runs races, cultivates a moustache and, if he has time, studies.

"Zoff" Campbell has done very well in the field sports and was for a time the senior recruit of his own company. Paddled Company War-Canoe.

"Potvin" Doucet and "Bunty" Sise and "Flinn" Grant are all doing very well in their respective positions.

McGILL NOTES

McMaster, W. R.—"Pinkie" is in Commerce and was elected treasurer of his class. He played Junior Rugby and put in a stellar game on the half-line.

Blinco, R. P.—"Joe" is taking a course in Arts, and for the first part of the year turned his attention to basketball. He is now turning out for hockey and one can be sure he will do his stuff.

Davis, H. W.—"Bug" now is in his second year, and this season played very consistent Junior Rugby at outside wing.

Abbott, A. C.—"Art" has certainly had a great athletic career at McGill, and this year he is captain of the senior hockey team. He also was a representative of McGill in tennis and did very well. He is taking a post-graduate course in Science.

Sommer, E. J.—When "Ikey" gets through with his Arts course, he intends taking up Law. He ought to be able to put over many a raw deal.

Holt, C. M.—"Morris" is in second year Arts and is another aspirant for the legal world. With his old-time eloquence there is an open road ahead of him.

Casgrain, J. P.—"John" is now getting into his stride, as he is a third year man, and his debonair figure is outstanding round the campus. He is taking an Honours course in French.

Glassford, A. K.—"Bunny" is still using his brains to advantage, and if he keeps it up he will do great things.



ART. ABBOT
Captain of McGill Hockey Squad
and a speedy forward.
(Courtesy McGill Daily)

O'Meara, A. J.—We are glad to hear that “Cow” went with the Intermediates to play Rugby in Toronto. We understand he has been one of the mainstays of that team.

“Rex” Moore has been playing full back on the King's (English) Rugby team, Halifax, N.S.

At our request H. P. Carter very kindly sends us the following interesting notes:—
St. John's, Newfoundland.

“Bert” Ellis is working with the Bank of Montreal, St. John's, Nfld., Branch.

“Jimmy” Alderdice has been with the Colonial Cordage Company here ever since he left School, and is doing very well.

“Mak” Baird is with James Baird Ltd., here.

“Art” Sullivan has a very good position in the construction of a New Dry Dock here which is being constructed under the supervision of the W. I. Bishop Company Ltd., of Montreal.

“Gordie” Reid is at present enjoying a visit to London, England, and I think his plans include a trip to Paris.

As regards myself I am studying law here and hope to be called to the Bar next April. In September, 1924, I went to England and had a year in London as a pupil of a barrister there and returned home in August of this year via Halifax, N.S.

Whilst on the other side I saw quite a number of Old Boys. I met “Tap” Fawcett and his brother in London and “Tap” works in the City and I believe his family live in London. I also ran across Jack MacIntosh and “Bunny” Glassford. I had a couple of hockey trips on the Continent with Charlie and Dick Price who ably represented the Old School on the line-up of the London Lions (a hockey team composed of Canadians and Newfoundlanders). I may say that Charlie Price played goal in Paris after the regular goalie had been injured and turned in a splendid game which materially helped his team to win the game. He had been playing left wing up to the time of the accident. (I may say that I attended the games only as a spectator.) I met Gilpin in London—he was at Oxford University—and while in Paris I saw Davis II (“Morty” Davis' brother), who is working in the Paris branch of the Bank of Montreal.

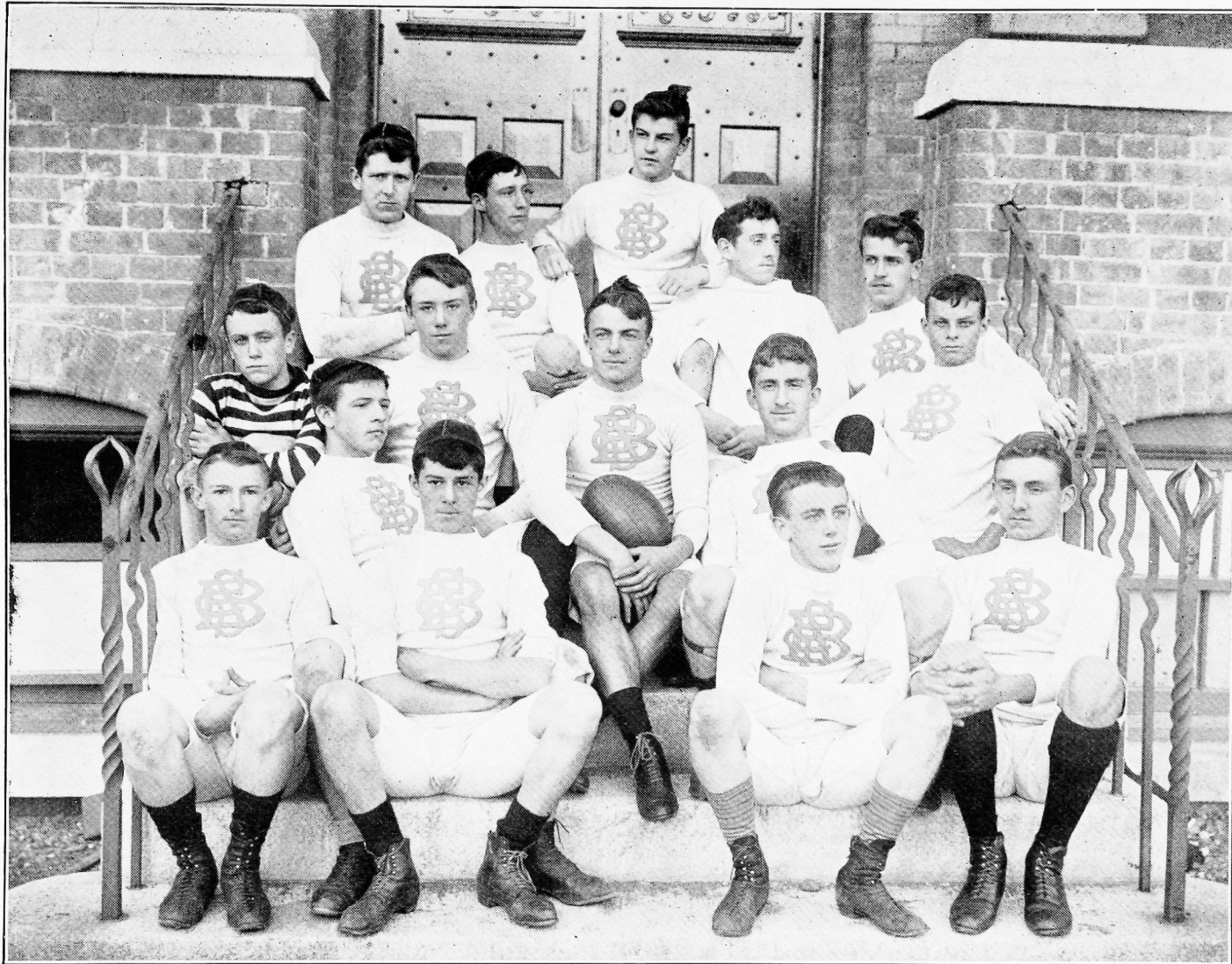
On my way home I saw Jack Keator in Halifax. Jack is working in his father's insurance business—Rainnie & Keator. Another one I saw was Dick Ward, who is with the Bank of Nova Scotia. Another Old boy was Oscar Wilson who was there a little before my time and last, but by no means least, was Rex Moore who I believe is now studying for the Law Profession. (We give these notes as we got them—with an apology—but they are too interesting to cut up. Ed.)

Artie Abbott (1917-21) made the tennis team and is captain of this year's hockey squad.

“Cow” O'Meara (1918-25), was on the intermediate football team.

“Bug” Davis (1917-24) and “Pinkie” McMaster (1919-25) represented B.C.S. on the junior football team.

“Joe” Blinco (1920-25) is being tried out for a place on the senior hockey team.



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1892

W. Hey, Sub.	L. Abbott, Half	C. Tofield, Quarter	H. Learmont, Wing	F. Tofield, Wing
W. B. Kingsmill, Wing	J. G. Harrison, Sub.	R. E. MacDougall, Capt. Half	F. Johnson, Sub.	S. C. Ramsay, Sub.
W. M. Conyers, Sub.	C. F. Rothera, Sub.	H. B. MacDougall, Back.	H. Kirwin, Wing	E. A. Burke, Sub.

L. M. Smith sends us the following notes:—

H. R. Montgomery (1919-23) is now in first year Science at McGill.

L. M. Smith (1918-24) is working with the Toilet Laundries. He has taken up boxing seriously. He is also a Triumvirate (and this is written by the other and only remaining Hon. one).

Kenneth Glassford (1920-24), is in 2nd year Arts and is out for the McGill Rowing Club.

"Sonny" Davis is still with the Carbide Works at Shawinigan Falls. He is a Triumvirate.

W. T. Hall (1918-24). Bill is on the staff of the Montreal Herald, which he will leave shortly for the staff of the Vancouver Daily Province.

George Hamilton (1920-24), is in the back-woods learning the lumber business from the wilds to civilization. George was a Triumvirate.

Gordon Napier (1916-24). Gordy is now working with Riddell, Stead, Graham & Hutchison, Chartered Accountants (Auditors for the School). He played Junior M.A.A.A. football.

Brock McLaren (1918-23), is working at last, although he is still the same kid.

Mike Harrison (1916-20). "Little Mike" is a famous quarter on the C.N.R. team, and plies his trade at

"Big Mike" Harrison (1919-22), is in business in Montreal.

Thomas Dill (1917-18) is in business in Bermuda.

"Joe" Beresford (1919-22) lives at Short Hills, N.J., and is in business in New York.

"Mitt" Mosely (1918-23) studying architecture, is in his third year at the University of Pennsylvania.

Wilt Harcourt is attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Lyle Monk (1918-23). "Elsie" is now travelling as demonstrator for the Dominion Cartridge Co.

Hazen Sise (1919-23), has finished two years at the R.M.C. and is now in McGill Science.

Lovell Jaques (1914-19) is married, and is in the milk business in Montreal.

W. O. Sharp (1920-23), is in 3rd year Arts at McGill.

Morris Holt (1917-24) is in 2nd year Arts at McGill.

Donald Neel (1917-24) left McGill this year amid the protests of his Montreal friends and is now working in New York. Don was a Triumvirate.

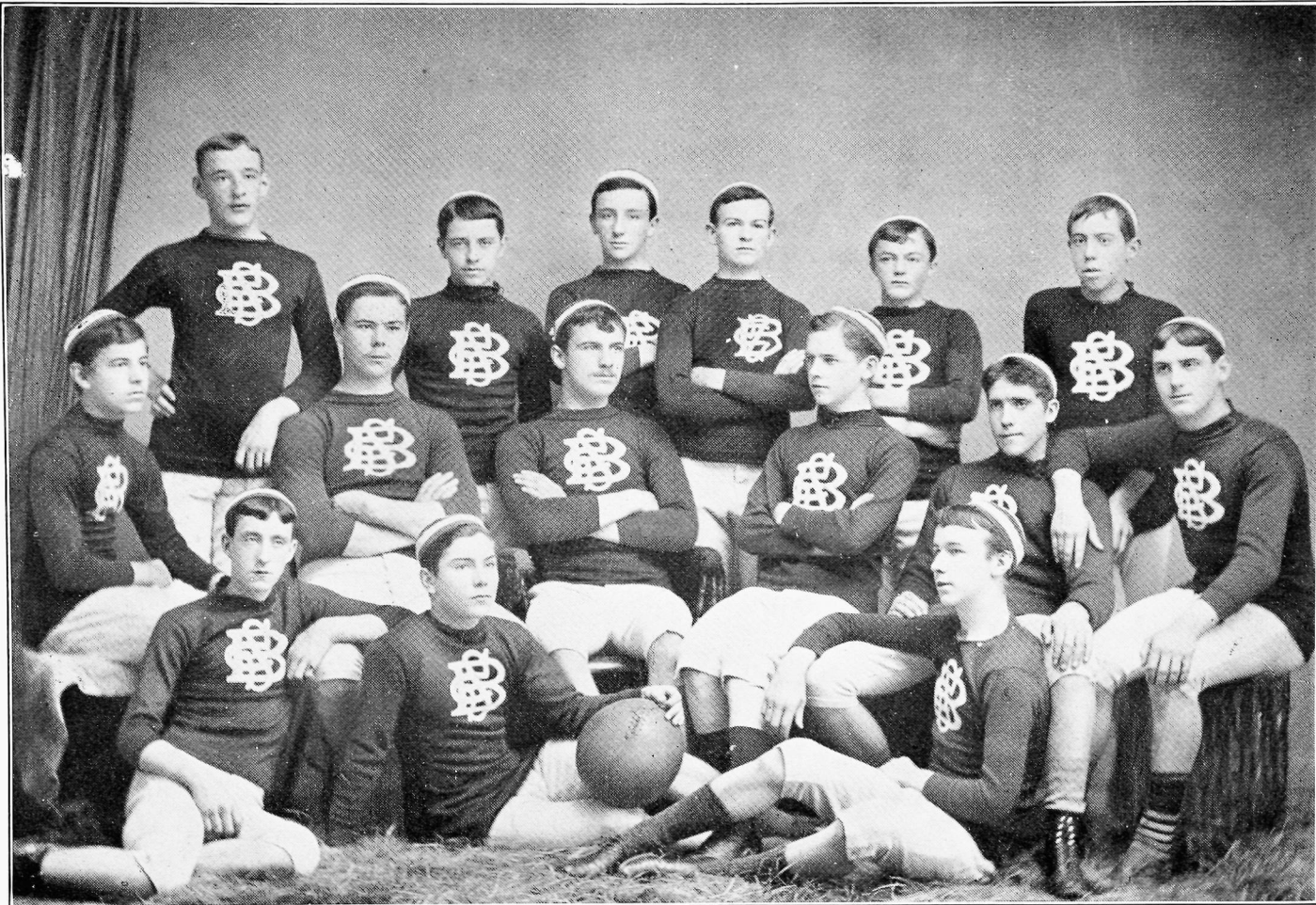
H. V. Duggan (1919-23), is in the office of Sharp, Milne Co., Accountants.

Alan Dale (1918-23), is now teaching in O'Sullivan's Business College—and to think of the naughty things he used to say about our Masters!

"Fate" played M.A.A.A. Intermediate football.

J. K. Crowdy (1920-22). "Beaverboard" is working for the C.P.R., also H. P. MacDougall (1917-22), and Fenton Aylmer (1915-21).

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, FOOTBALL TEAM, 1881.



HARRY WELCH
M. O. SMITH

J. A. SCOTT
M. YOUNG
H. M. PENFOLD

W. C. G. HENEKER
C. E. ELLIOTT
H. D. HAMILTON

E. W. FARWELL
A. D. FRY
R. J. FOTHERGILL

FRED STABB
W. CHAMPION

H. MacFARLANE
J. F. OWENS

W. G. Annable (1916-22). "Anny" is now working at West Palm Beach, with a B. Commerce attached to his name.

"Red" McCrea (1916-22), is still hovering in the Brook waiting for his operation.

Dan Maclaren (1914-20) is now married and rearing a family. He has a partnership with McNeice & Orchard where he sometimes works.

OBITUARY

It was with sincere and very deep regret that we heard of the death of Aylmer Livingstone Scarth Morris (1912-18). Those who knew him here, paid him tributes of the highest praise. Before The Armistice, when he was 17, he joined the Army, entering the Royal Air Force, and went to Toronto for training.

The following extracts are taken from the McGill Daily: Oct. 3rd, 1925.

A. L. S. MORRIS, CANADIAN CLUB PRESIDENT, DEAD

Died Yesterday Morning in Western Hospital Popular Student

Colonel Bovey Pays Glowing Tribute to Late Law Undergraduate

Aylmer Livingstone Scarth Morris, Law '26, President of the McGill Canadian Club, died yesterday morning in the Western Hospital, from the effects of having swallowed a bone while eating dinner last Friday. He was a B.A. of Bishop's and was only 24 years of age.

The bone which caused death lodged in the throat and caused an abscess. Three operations were performed and as a last resort transfusion of blood was effected, but failed to save the popular student's life.

Sir Arthur Currie reached the hospital just in time to see Morris alive. The bereaved parents, William Morris, barrister of Sherbrooke, and Mrs. Morris were at the bedside of their only son.

Col. Wilfrid Bovey yesterday paid a tribute to the late law student. He said:

"Morris will be a loss to the University. His readiness to join in any work for the good of McGill, his enthusiasm, and perhaps most of all his open kindly nature will be forgotten by none of us. He was one of those who seek very little for themselves yet win without any conscious effort the friendship of all who know them."

The deceased student had an active college career at McGill. He had been class secretary-Treasurer and inter-class hockey manager. Last term he was vice-president of the Canadian Club and was to have occupied the presidency of that Club for the coming year. He was a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Last week "Cy" Morris was a healthy young man, representing those many qualities that make true manhood. He was at full strength at week ago, and now the flag of the University is flying at half mast, and we mourn his death. The University was the better for his being there, and it would be a great thing if the same could be said of all students.

Sir Arthur Currie.

Basil MacLean, President of the Students' Society, paid a great tribute to the late "Cy" Morris, President of the Canadian Club, mentioning that he was an ideal type of student, and a great sportsman.

Aylmer Livingstone Scarth Morris, at the opening of an active year as President of the University's Canadian Club, is dead, and the undergraduates of McGill, amidst the hurry and rush of the first days of a new term, pause a moment to sorrow at the passing of one of the most popular of their fellow-students. He had played his part well in the undergraduate life of McGill. In the words of Colonel Bovey:—"He was one of those who seek very little for themselves yet win without any conscious effort the friendship of all who know them."

—Editorial, McGill Daily, Oct. 3rd, 1925.

Former Curate of Montreal Dead

(From Montreal Star)

Venerable Archdeacon Forneret, M.A., D.D., Dies at Hamilton

Venerable Archdeacon George A. Forneret, M.A., D.D., Rector of All Saints Church and one of the oldest and best known Anglican clergymen in the Province, died last night in St. Joseph's Hospital. About May he went to New York on a motor trip, and was taken ill while there. He was brought home and later taken to the hospital. For some time the Archdeacon has been seriously ill, and it was known that the end was not far off.

The late Archdeacon was born in Berthier-en-Haut, Quebec, on September 23rd, 1851, and was educated at the Grammar School there, also at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville and McGill University, where he received his degree. After attending Montreal Diocesan Theological College, he was ordained in 1875 as Deacon. The following year he was elevated to the Priesthood. He was curate at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and from there went to Saskatchewan as a S. P. G. Missionary. Later he was named Rector of a church at Durham, Quebec, and then went to St. Thomas Church, St. Catharines as Curate. In 1882 he was appointed Curate in charge of St. James' Church, Dundas.

He came to Hamilton in 1886, and for 39 years has been Rector of All Saints Church.

The late Archdeacon was twice Rural Dean here and a delegate to the General and Provincial Synods on more than one occasion. For some time he has been chairman of the standing committee of the diocese.

In military as well as church circles he will be missed, for since 1896 he has been Chaplain of the 13th Royal Regiment of Hamilton, and has been active in the work of the unit for many years. He was first appointed Honorary Captain, and ten years later honored with a Majority. For five months during the war he was stationed at Niagara Camp.

McIVER—Died suddenly, October 24th, 1925, at Gowanda, Ont., Eric McIver, (1905-11), beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McIver, of Oakville, Ont.

Arthur Wyatt Rawson Ward (1908-15), son of the late A. F. Ward, Esq., and Mrs. Ward of Lennoxville, was born April 30th, 1899, and died after a protracted illness on June 8th, 1925.

Wyatt Ward, like his friend and contemporary, Aylmer Morris, joined the Royal Air Force as soon as he was of age to do so, and spent nearly a year training in Toronto and Beamsville, Ont. His course was almost completed when the Armistice brought his career in this direction to a close. He returned to the position in the Bank of Montreal which he had relinquished, and remained with the Bank until ill-health made it necessary for him to apply for extended leave of absence, and before this had expired he passed away.

Wyatt Rawson Ward was the grand-nephew and name-sake of Wyatt Rawson (another old B.C.S. boy), whose heroic death at Tel-el-Kebir was commemorated in our issue of June last; and he was the only surviving brother of "Christie" Ward, of whose untimely death as the result of an accident, an account appeared in the Christmas number for 1924.

Mr. William Middleton Conyers (B.C.S. 1900-1903): Norwegian Consul of the firm of Watlington & Conyers, Bermuda, Agents Furness Bermuda Line of Steamers and Canadian Pacific Railway Co., was in February last the recipient of a decoration from the King of Norway "A Knight of the First Class of the Royal Order of St. Olive.

BIRTHS

Price—On August 24th, 1925, at the Medical Arts Hospital, Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Price, of Quebec, a daughter.


MARRIAGES

Ross-Turner.—At the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Garden Street, at two o'clock this afternoon, there took place a charmingly pretty wedding, when two of the very popular members of Quebec's "Younger Set" were united in matrimony by the Right Reverend Lennox Williams, Lord Bishop of Quebec, a B.C.S. old boy, assisted by the Very Reverend Dean Sherman, Dean of the Cathedral, in the persons of Kathleen, elder daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., and granddaughter of the late Honorable Richard Turner, and Mrs. Turner—and J. Gordon, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Theodore Ross.

ROSS—TURNER WEDDING



EXCHANGES

- "Acta Ridleiana", Ridley College, Ont.
 "Albanian", St. Albans School, Ont.
 "Anvil", Middlesex School, Mass.
 "Argus", Appleby School, Ont.
 "Ashburian", Ashbury College, Ont.
 "Beaver Log", Miss Edgar's School.
 "Bishop's Strachan School Magazine", Bishop's Strachan School.
 "Black and Red", University School, B.C.
 "Brimmerwrites", Brimmer School, Mass.
 "Campbellian", Campbell College, Ireland.
 "Choate News, Choate School, Conn.
 "Columbia Jester", Columbia University, N.Y.
 "Felstedian", Felsted College, Eng.
 "Fettesian", Fettes College, Scotland.
 "Goat", Royal Canadian Dragoons.
 "Golden Rod", Quincy High School, Mass.
 "Haileyburian", Haileybury College, Eng.
 "Helliconian", Moulton College, Ont.
 "Lit", Lawrenceville School, N.J.
 "Liverpool College Magazine", Liverpool College, Eng.
 "Loomis Log", Loomis Institute, Conn.
 "Lower Canada College Review", Lower Canada College.
 "McGill Daily", McGill University, Montreal.
 "Oakwood Oracle", Oakwood College, Ont.
 "Rossalian", Rossal College, Eng.
 "Orange and Blue", Milton Academy, Mass.
 "Quebec High School Magazine", Quebec High School.
 "Royal Military College Review", Royal Military College.
 "Salt Shaker", Saskatoon, Sask.
 "S. H. S", St. Helen's School, Que.
 "St. Andrews Review", St. Andrews College, Ont.
 "Stanstead College", Stanstead College, Que. 
 "Stonyhurst Magazine", Stonyhurst College, England.
 "Taft Oracle", Roxbury Latin School.
 "Tripod", Roxbury Latin School.
 "Western Canada College Review", Western Canada College, Ont.
 "Windsorian", King's College School, N.S.
 "Wolf Howl", Sudbury Tech., Ont.
 "The Collegiate", Sarnia, Ont.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKES IN SPRING

The daylight creeps upon the lake,
The mist clings thick and low,
The call of some disturbed drake
Seems sacrilegious now.

But presently faint breezes sigh;
The mist soon drifts away;
The eagle from his crag on high
Welcomes the coming day.

The sun mounts up with steady tread,
And swings across the sky.
'Tis evening, and he drops to bed
With crimson canopy.

The owl cries forth his threat of death,
To trembling birds in nests;
A bat flits by like fleeting breath;
The world sinks down to rest.

ROBERT M. CAMPBELL.

(Written on a blotter during McGill French exam., '25).

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“Joe” Blinco	“Vassie” Bancroft

A WILD HORSE HUNT

By W. E. Revere, Sixth Form

During the summer I had the good luck to be able to spend a few weeks in Cochrane, probably one of the few remaining old-time cow-towns in the West. It is situated in the midst of the foothills of the Rockies, in some of the wildest country left in the West. It is there that many horses are raised, and that part of Alberta has become famous for its "Blue Roans", many of which were shipped overseas during the Great War and made a wonderful name for themselves by their valiant service. Each rancher of the district has his stallion and brood mares, and will bet his last dollar that they are much better than his neighbour's.

I was staying at Brewster's Ranch, which is some thirty or forty miles from Cochrane and which has the turbulent Bow River rushing across its many acres, dividing them squarely in half. It is there that I first heard of the "Terror", as the big black stallion had come to be called. He was king of a band of wild horses that ranged the mesa around the ranch. Lately, however, he had evidenced a desire to instil some thoroughbred blood into his band, for he had driven off some fifty mares from the ranches in the neighborhood. Up till now he had been unmolested, but one night he broke into a pole corral and drove off three of the most valuable mares in the country; then the ranchers decided it was time to act. They planned an old-time mustang drive, such as at one time would have rounded up about five hundred mustangs to be killed or shipped East. But those days were gone, and now the sole object of the drive was the "Terror" and his band of about a hundred horses. Pete Knight, foreman of Brewster's ranch and champion roper of Alberta, was unanimously chosen leader. I was asked if I would care to go, more because I was the guest of the owners than because of any real riding ability. I accepted gladly, as I knew I might never have a chance to participate in another such event; these drives being no longer undertaken now, except on some special occasion such as the present.

Before going further I should add something about the nature of the country over which the "Terror" reigned. The hills were long and steeply sloping, thickly covered with sage brush and cut by deep, precipitous gorges. In the centre extended a long, level, sandy valley about five miles in length. High mesas with steeply scarped sides rose on three sides of this valley, the tops of which were covered with brush shoulder-high, and it was extremely difficult to force a horse through. This gives an idea of the danger attached to running horses, stretched to their utmost, over ground like that. Accidents are numerous in that section, even though the horses are the most sure-footed of their breed.

We started early one cold, frosty morning about 3 a.m. and arrived at the valley after an hour's easy riding. The men were then placed in a huge circle, about a mile apart, each with a fast horse, so as to cut off any of the wild band who might try to break away to the fastness of the hills. After ten minutes' riding we sighted the drove of mustangs, the stallion on a slight rise guarding them while they grazed. I shall never forget my first sight of that magnificent animal. Standing on a knoll, sharply outlined against the rosy dawn, he seemed in truth a phantom horse. Black, dead black, from the tips of his perked up ears to his fetlocks, except for one small white spot in the centre of his forehead, as

if a bullet had once landed there and the spot had turned white. Indeed, some of the cowhands called him "Bullet" on account of his marvellous speed, saying of him that he could give a bullet a ninety yards start and beat it in a hundred yard dash!. Tall, more than sixteen hands in height, with proud upflung head, arching neck, broad and deep chest, slim tapering legs, powerful haunches, and long slim barrel and loin, he stood there, a perfect embodiment of speed, sweeping mane and tail waving in the wind, a picturesque silhouette etched against the rising sun. He waited for us to approach nearer, stamping the earth with small, round hoof, eager eyes and ears questing our motive in appearing on his stamping ground so early in the morning. Pete stooped, drew his rifle from the scabbard, and fired in the air. This sound echoing through the hills probably awoke dormant memories of times when passing hunters, despairing of ever catching him, had tried the dangerous method of "creasing" him; that is, shooting at the neck of the animal in hopes of stunning him. But more valuable horses have been killed this way than any other as it takes a dead shot at incredible distances to accomplish it successfully. Before the shot had finished reechoing through the hills the "Terror" was transformed into a devil incarnate. Every movement of the upflung head, the spurning hoofs, betokened the awful rage of the beast, at the thought of these puny humans who would dare to drive him from his selected range. Once he reared, undecided whether to charge us or not, and as our animals were all exhibiting signs of uneasiness we were all prepared to make a dash for safety, when, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, he turned and raced after his band (now scattered over the valley floor in varicoloured dots), overtaking and passing them with no effort at all, his long, low, skimming stride eating up the distance with incredible swiftness. A few well-placed nips spurred on the laggards and small colts to greater speed, then whirling to the head of his band he led them in a mad dash to an opening in the valley side. But as they were entering this haven of safety, two cowboys raced out to intercept them. A scream of warning from the black turned the band again to the valley floor, heading for another draw, only to be again turned back. This continued through the long afternoon until the "Terror" in desperation left his band and literally flew around the valley, seeking some possible outlet of escape, his long skimming strides carrying him over the valley bed like a flash of black lightning, he soared over brush and boulders as if they were pebbles in his path. With a yell we cut in and surrounded his exhausted band of horses, and finally drove them into brush corrals which had been erected for the purpose. Then we turned our attention to the capture of that proud black monarch of the valley. Round and round we drove him, changing wet, dripping horses, dead on their feet, and throwing saddles on fresh ones to return to the chase. But the black, never faltering, continued with his long, low, even stride, that no other horse in the valley could match, and which carried him over the ground with such deceptive ease. Finally the terrible grind began to wear on him, but even then his indomitable courage carried him on, though he stumbled now and then and wavered a little in his stride.

Suddenly he stopped and faced us, his flanks heaving and his breath coming in great sobs through his wide nostrils. For all that his spirit was still unbroken, as was manifested by the bared teeth and the glaring hate that shone from his eyes. We advanced warily, ropes ready, half expecting a sudden charge on the part of this black devil. All

of a sudden he wheeled and started for the end of the valley with all the speed left at his command, enough to give any of the horses we had left a great race before he was overhauled. The end of the valley towards which he was headed had been left unguarded, owing to the fact that a deep cut, about forty feet deep and the same in width, crossed this end of the valley bed. The "Terror" in desperation had decided to face certain death in the attempt to leap the gorge, rather than end his days in captivity, as he sensed would be his lot if he fell into our hands.

The black was half way up the valley when Pete Knight, the only one amongst us with a fresh horse, suddenly awoke to action. Spurring his sturdy roan after the tired stallion, he soon closed up the distance between them. Uncoiling his rope he was about to cast, when the black, in desperation, let out a burst of reserve speed that somehow he had managed to retain. Try as he would, the roan could not get within suitable roping distance, keeping about forty yards behind him the whole length of the valley floor. All this time the gap was looming dangerously near, but suddenly the black stumbled over a small rock in his path, going to his knees, and Pete acted on the moment. Leaning forward over the horn of the saddle he drove the spurs home, the gallant roan gamely responded and before the black could recover had closed up a little the gap between them. Then Pete cast his lariat. It whistled out far ahead of him, with a loop so small it hardly could be called a loop at all. It seemed to hang over the black's head for a moment and in that moment we all groaned in despair, for we thought it could never reach. Then suddenly, obeying the last twitch of the wrist, it darted down like the flicker of a snake's tongue and encircled the black's head. The roan, feeling the guiding pressure of the knees, turned at right angles to his course, and the black was thrown heavily a few yards from the crumbling brink of the gorge. Thus ended the reign of the "Terror" on the Cochrane range.

Pete Knight gradually broke him of his vicious temper and now he is one of the show horses of that section of Alberta, though in every sense he is a one-man horse, letting no one touch him except his master, and on one occasion stamping the life out of a cowhand who had the temerity to mount and try to ride him.

But oft-times, knee deep in the rich grass, he will lift his finely modelled black head and gaze to the far-distant hills, dim in the purple haze. A piercing scream will ring out and the startled horses will lift their heads to look at him in sudden alarm, then lower them to graze again, knowing that in his mind he is again leading his wild band down to water in the dusk, guarding them from all dangers, or once more leading them in a wild, glorious run over the mesa.



A FRUITFUL JOURNEY

By B. I. McGreevy, Sixth Form

The other day at the club, I was introduced to an aged veteran, General Rawlins by name, who had seen a great deal of service in India; in fact, he fought through the entire Mutiny. His conversation was very entertaining, and I reproduce here as nearly as I can remember, one of the most striking of his Indian tales. It was about the Mutiny and the manner in which he first came into contact with it.

"At that time, 1857, I, a youngster of nineteen, was a Lieutenant in the 28th Native Infantry," he began. "I commanded a small troop consisting of a score of Sepoys and an English sergeant. We were bringing as taxes from a wealthy rajah to a government official at Lucknow a very valuable collection of precious stones.

On the night of May 12th we pitched our tents by the roadside about ten miles from Lucknow; the men slept in one big tent, while the Sergeant and I shared one; the valuable box which weighed only about ten pounds and was fairly small lay between us on the ground. The Sergeant had proposed chaining it to my wrist every night, but I did not fancy having my hand chopped off by a prospective robber and so it was merely fastened to the tent pole and I slept with my revolver loaded beside me. Well, that night we retired to bed leaving a native sentry on guard as usual. It must have been about four o'clock when I awoke startled, not knowing why but certain instinctively that something was amiss. I reached for my revolver; my hand clasped the butt, but almost simultaneously another hand gripped mine, the weapon went off, and I leaped up to discover one of my native soldiers lying dead at my feet. But this was not all; there was a scurry of footsteps, showing that the dead man was not the only one who had been in the tent.

"What's happened, sir, what's the noise?" It was the Sergeant who had been roused by the report

I explained as briefly as possible what had occurred, pointed to the corpse and asked him what he made of this outrageous behavior.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm not supposin' it's a mutiny or anything like that; probably just a couple of coloured rascals wanted to get the treasure. Anyway, though they seem to be scared, I'm against thinkin' we're safe here, and God knows the jewels aren't."

This was only too obvious, so we decided in a hurried council to make for Lucknow as fast as possible, and though the plan was a little weak we had hopes of succeeding. On service I always carried with me a little medical outfit, and its case very much resembled that entrusted to us by the Rajah. Now, if one of us, taking this case, were to creep out at the back of the tent and crawl along the ground unobserved in the gloom, and when say a couple of hundred yards distant, were to leap up and run for it, displaying his burden conspicuously, then the Sepoys would pursue him and the other one would be able to escape with the treasure. This, of course, meant that the decoy might be killed, but it was the only way. Neither of us wanted to give the other the most dangerous job, so I suggested tossing a coin, the winner to go to Lucknow with the jewels. "Tails", called my companion as I spun the penny in the air, but "heads" it was, so that decided it; I should go to Lucknow, he would lay the false trail.

"You might as well use that chap's uniform," he advised me, indicating the dead man, "it would help a bit."

I put it on as quickly as possible, then we shook hands and he gave me some farewell messages for his family. These finished he took my medical case, and with scarcely a sound slipped under the edge of the tent and disappeared. He had not been gone more than a minute when a loud shout went up from one of the soldiers. Realizing that the time for action had arrived, I seized my precious load and crouched behind my camp-bed in a dark corner of the tent. It was lucky that I did so, for a native stuck his head in and seeing only the dead man and no box, yelled something to the others and departed hastily, evidently wishing to obtain his share of the booty. Now my opening had arrived. I drew back the flap of the tent cautiously and peered out: nobody in sight. Fearfully, I ran along crouching down in order to be less noticeable, and though the distance was only twenty yards when I started that run for the trees I had no expectation of getting there alive. However, I did reach them, and after a mile or two of fast walking began to hope that I had escaped pursuit. I had travelled about half the journey when I saw smoke ascending, apparently from a house on fire. I proceeded warily, not sure what was coming, and on rounding a bend in the road there lay revealed a sight that chilled me to the marrow. There, not two hundred yards away, were a thousand or more yelling natives, rushing wildly about as though they were thoroughly intoxicated—I have no doubt some were—and just beyond them was a flaming mass which had been a fort garrisoned by native soldiery under British officers. I later learned that all these latter had been put to death by the rebels. It was not until I beheld this terrifying spectacle, that the fact that this was a wide-spread mutiny and not a local theft dawned upon me. I had not been seen, so I promptly dodged into some bushes and lay waiting there for the crowd to disperse, though for the time being it seemed inclined to remain.

After what must have been five hours lying concealed, I saw advancing down the road from the direction whence I had come, a band of men whom I immediately recognized as my own. I noticed that one of them carried my medicine case, so they must have caught my poor Sergeant. Their appearance caused me more consternation than any previous occurrence, for they would start a search, and I was only ten yards or so from the road. I would be discovered at once and—well, what was the use of thinking any further. I saw my men eagerly question the other mutineers, I suppose asking information of my whereabouts. However, naturally enough, there was no help from that quarter, and then, as I had feared they would, they divided up into parties to comb through the woods in search of me. The men had been beating about for a few minutes and had to all appearances passed me by, when to my horror I noticed approaching me stealthily a native, knife in hand. I braced myself, pretending not to see him, and prepared to spring and throttle him if he attempted to shout. As he came nearer I remarked that he was one of my own men, and—such luck—he was carrying my medicine case tied to his belt. When he was about a yard away, I judged the distance and by a sudden turn grasped his uplifted arm with one hand and his throat with the other. After a slight struggle I secured the weapon, and kneeling on his chest said to him: "You treacherous dog, I'll kill you unless you do just as I tell you. If you do, you'll receive a reward if we reach Lucknow safely." The man agreed to my proposal by a nod of his head. I

then took from my medicine case some coloured liquid meant for bruises, and quickly dyed my face and hands. This made me appear without close inspection like an ordinary Hindoo. Once this was accomplished I hid the case under some leaves and attached the valuable box to my assistant's belt. Next, showing him my revolver as an ever-present argument against treachery, we strolled down the road. Nobody questioned us, and all had seen the man with my case before, and as I have said, it resembled the box very much. Once clear of the crowd, we set off at a good pace and in a little over an hour came to the Eastern gate of Lucknow. All this while I had been keeping my eye on my former soldier, and as a precautionary measure had removed the box from his belt to mine. Before we entered Lucknow I gave him most explicit instructions; he was to do all the talking, and, if I was spoken to, he was to say that I was under a vow not to speak until I had killed an Englishman. That would give me the necessary excuse to reach my objective. Mingling with an excited mob, we were soon swept into the city. There everyone was too busy with his own affairs to bother about us, so my companion was able to ascertain without exciting suspicion that the British garrison was besieged in the Residency; but how we were to reach them, or even communicate with them, I did not know. However, luck was on my side, for night was falling fast, and the Sepoys, who were very superstitious, would not fight in darkness. The streets were guarded, but then no one would stop us, ordinary Sepoys, as we appeared to be. Once we were questioned, but my escort evidently carried out my instructions, for the sentry seemed satisfied. We had arrived at the edge of the Residency garden by now, and I knew that we were near a small trap door that opened into the cellar. I hoped to gain access to the building through this door, so, making the native go first, I crept along slowly towards the objective. When we arrived at the place I whispered to the Sepoy to raise the door; this he did cautiously, and when the space was about a foot wide he peered inside. Instantly there was a blinding flash and a loud report rang out. I flung myself flat on the ground, while my companion, uttering an unearthly shriek, sank lifeless beside me. Heads and rifles began to appear at the aperture.

"Don't shoot, for God's sake, don't shoot; I'm a friend," I shouted.

"Why, I'll be blowed if it ain't Mr. Rawlins himself," said a familiar voice, "I'm very glad to see you got through it all right, sir."

I could hardly believe my eyes, for there was no mistaking the man or the voice—it was my sergeant.

They took me in to the Residency and there I listened astonished to my sergeant's story. It appeared that after he had given them a fair chase he let them see him fling the medicine case into a dense thicket. This, as he had intended, made them forget all about him until he was far enough away to escape easily. After that he had had a clear track back by another road, and the Mutiny had only just broken out there as he reached Lucknow, so that accounted for his presence.

I gave my box to a government official who congratulated me on its safe delivery and then proceeded to open it. He raised the lid and gave an exclamation of surprise followed by a number of unprintable words.

"What's up?" I queried. "Oh" said he, "nothing, but this box is full of rotten apples."

"A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE"

(The year 3000 A.D.)

(By A. Breakey, Sixth Form)

Suddenly the roar of the engine ceased and the big plane, which a moment before had been but a speck on the horizon, swooped downward, taxied along the ground and came to a standstill. The pilot, in immaculate livery, leaped from the cockpit, opened the door of the passengers' compartment, and touched his cap to its occupant as the latter stepped out. Simultaneously three men approached from where they had stood looking on; the foremost, middle aged, with greyish hair, addressing the newcomer:—"We are delighted to see you, Professor Cauldron," he said, "as this morning's excavations have revealed the long suspected secret passage, and we were waiting for you before following it to wherever it may lead."

"H-m" was the professors' only comment.

"If you will be so good as to accompany us to the top of this hill, where our discoveries have taken place, we can effect an entry immediately," he continued, and the Professor, after mumbling an incoherent assent, moved off in the direction indicated by the spokesman.

However (dear reader), it is indeed time you should receive some slight explanation of all these mysterious mystifications, so we will leave our Professor and his companions to walk to their destination and I will try to straighten things out. (The Professor, being an aged man, will walk slowly, so I shall have all the time I want).

In the first place some word as to Professor Cauldron's fame would not come amiss. Of all the great men that the thirty first century had produced, Cauldron might be placed in a class quite by himself. He was a scientist of ability almost inconceivable to the uneducated man, and to give a list of his inventions and discoveries would be almost impossible. He lived a quiet life in South America and was, at the time of my story, occupied with the problem of perpetual life. Along these lines he had already made important discoveries, and had lengthened the life of one of his friends to some hundred and twenty-five years. It was also to Cauldron that the world owed communication with Mars, and it was the Professor himself who first set foot on the planet after many years spent in inventing a suitable conveyance.

Of all his studies, however, the man was perhaps more devoted to Archaeology than to any other. He delighted in regarding the mistakes of the ancients and in reasoning out the causes of their failure. It was for this reason that the Professor had answered the urgent summons of the noted Archaeologist, Allison, when the latter informed him that an important discovery was soon to be made as a result of recent excavations just outside the city of Lennox. What had led Allison to believe that a building, or possibly a village, lay buried under the very ground on which the Professor's airplane now stood is difficult to say. At any rate his suspicions were soon confirmed, for operations had been carried on but a short time when a house, buried in lava many centuries before, was discovered.

As the Professor, led by Allison and his two colleagues, reached the summit of the hill, a low building—the workmen's shed—came into view. In the doorway stood a young

man in working clothes who was introduced to Cauldron as foreman of the excavating gang. Having provided the party with flash lights, the young man showed the way inside the building to where a flight of wooden steps led down into the ground. Taking the lead, he descended the steps, followed by Cauldron, Allison, and the others, at the same time explaining how curious relics found a few feet below the surface on this spot had encouraged them to dig further. After an almost perpendicular descent of about thirty feet the party found themselves in a narrow tunnel which sloped gradually downwards. By the light of his torch the Professor examined the walls and ceiling and pronounced them to be of volcanic origin. Allison agreed with him, and explained the difficulty experienced by the excavators when cutting a passage through this rock-like substance. Walking slowly down the incline the two men were discussing the very interesting discoveries that had been made, when, turning a corner, they found themselves facing the first of these. The Professor who, until now, had shown very little sign of interest, gasped as the light thrown by the five flashlights illuminated the spectacle before them. It was a room in almost perfect repair, lined with bricks and strewn with huge pieces of iron of various shapes. "Nothing has been touched since the diggers first broke through this wall", remarked Allison, "And we were hoping your knowledge of such things would throw some light on what these metal objects are."

Cauldron seemed to be rejuvenated. Forgetting his age he leaped forward and was soon down on his knees examining each object in turn. He went from one to another, fitting pieces together, scraping the rust from those which were coated with it and mumbling all the while to himself. At the end of fifteen minutes he stood up and faced the others. "Without doubt these objects are the remains of some primitive heating plant," he declared. "The age of which I should place at about one thousand years."

Allison regarded the great man with astonishment. However, this decision he accepted without a murmur, for never in the whole history of the Professor was he known to make a mistake. An examination of the walls followed, and the room, all that remained of a small building, was found to be completely encased in rock. To a large degree this accounted for its preservation through the centuries.

As excited as the Professor, Allison pointed to the entrance of a tunnel leading from the apartment, which had been discovered only a few hours before. He explained how the workmen, clearing away the debris from one corner, had come upon it. "Nobody has entered further than a few yards," he said, "as we wished you to accompany us on the first trip to wherever it may lead."

Without further words the party, led by Allison and the Professor, started on their way down the mysterious passage. The walls, ceiling and floor were all composed of concrete, and in a crumpled mass along one side ran pipes which at one time must have been suspended from the ceiling. In places water dripped from the roof, while in others the tunnel had all but caved in and they were forced to crawl on their hands and knees through openings scarcely three feet high. The air was suffocating, so long had it been imprisoned in the depths of the earth, and more than once the party thought they should have to turn back. Once they stopped to rest, and each man brought up his own theory as to what was the meaning of this passage. Cauldron, suddenly becoming loquacious

suggested a secret exit from the Palace of some hitherto unheard of ruler; but found it difficult to account for the heating plant they had just left.

So far the tunnel had led them about a hundred yards, but it was not until they had gone nearly as far again that any discovery of importance was made. Turning suddenly, the passage widened into a room littered with pieces of iron similar to those of which the Professor had recently completed his examination. Without taking more than a hurried look around the chamber, Cauldron made for a doorway on the far side and passing through it found himself in what appeared to be an empty hall of considerable size. Turning to his left, another doorway opened on a room of almost the same dimensions, but instead of being empty like the other it was filled with objects of such curious shape and size that the Professor stopped short and stared with amazement at the spectacle before him. Allison and the others were now at his side, and together they looked first at what the room contained and then at each other. Amazement was written on each man's face! Ranged in three rows were metal objects which were, to all appearances, steel coffins placed upright. Approaching that nearest him the Professor tried to swing back the door. With a crash it fell from its rusted hinges and the contents were revealed. At the bottom lay a little heap of rags which, when he touched them, crumbled to dust. From one coffin to another went the great man, and in each lay the little pile of what had once been clothes. Suddenly rising to his great height, Professor Cauldron, trembling with emotion, faced the others and his voice rang out in that deserted room. "Gentlemen," he said, "We have made a discovery of almost unbelievable importance. This room, and the others of this building, no doubt once contained the bodies of kings and emperors of which only these ashes remain. It was here that all the great men of a nation were buried, and the tunnel through which we have come was in all probability the only exit from the tomb." His companions regarded him with astonishment; however, his decision they accepted without a murmur, for never in the whole history of the Professor had he been known to make a mistake!

For you (dear reader), and for you alone, remains the true solution of the mystery. Let Professor Cauldron publish his discoveries throughout the world; let his decision never be disputed (since he never makes a mistake). However, fact remains! The great "Burial Place of Kings and Emperors" is none other than our own little B.C.S. imbedded in molten lava after a volcanic eruption. The "coffins standing upright" are our own steel lockers containing the remains of such articles as football sweaters and the like. While the "mysterious passage leading to the primitive heating plant" is the tunnel connecting our power house with the School.

Again, I say, let the Professor content himself with his discoveries; and let the city of Lennox, once quite satisfied to be called Lennoxville, claim that part of her site was once that of a palace.



THE YOUNG SMUGGLER

"It's too rotten a night to go out, Charlie, what shall we do?" said ex-sergeant Doon of the Edinburgh City Guard to his son, a fine strapping youth about 23 years old, as they were sitting in front of a blazing fire. "I tell you what, father, I'd like to hear what you did after I had been stolen," "Very well", replied Doon, who had a slight Scotch accent, although he was descended from an English family, "Only mind you, I had no adventures like yours, so dinna expect an exciting or a long tale, because I'm just going to tell it shortly." "Fire ahead, father."

"One spring day, when I was tilling the fields on our farm 'tween here and Leith, we had seen some gypsies coming along but paid no attention to 'em. You were in the front of the house, which wasn't far from the road, toddling about while your mother was cooking. At dinner you were missing. We searched round; I took the horse out but couldna' find you anywhere. I went to Edinburgh and told the chief of the guard and left it at that. He sent some men after the gypsies, but they must have gone off the main road, for they couldna' see any sign of them. You was about three then. Later your mother died. I sold the farm and joined the city guard. I stayed there about eighteen years, during which time I was made a sergeant and saved quite a bit of my pay. We had several exciting experiences, but they have nothing to do with this story. One day we heard a man called Wilson was to be hanged. I didn't know what for, but anyway we were called out under Mr. John Porteous, our captain. Just as they were going to hang this chap, the spectators attacked us, funny thing; Old Porteous told us to fire. I took good care not to kill anybody, because its no use killin' folk because they get a bit rowdy; but anyway some were killed and quite a few wounded, but I heard they got their own back afterwards on old Porteous. Something very nearly forced me to use my gun; 'twas the sight of a young man, looking mighty fierce, rushing towards me with an ugly looking sword in his hand—'twas yourself, lad; I recognized the necklace you wore, shining in the sun, the one you have on now which we put on you as a babe. It has alternate gold and silver beads; I've never seen the like before or since. 'Tis a precious one, lad, which my mother put round my neck. Well, I just shouted out 'My son, my son!' and you stood open-mouthed. I fell on your neck and nigh wept. You know the rest, lad. I resigned, and now we are living on the money I saved, with the money for the farm. Now it is your turn, lad; tell your old feyther of your adventures." And here follows the story of Charlie Doon's adventures.

"Looking back, all I can remember is my bringing up in a smugglers' cave. Later I found out that the gypsies must have left me on the road, for I was found by two old English smugglers, Terry Wilson and Bill Robertson, who had come from England, finding Scotland an easier place for smugglers. They nicknamed me Charlie, which is a funny thing because my real name is Charlie. The cave where I was brought up was somewhere between Leith and Cranard. Terry and Bill looked after me well, evidently intending me to do most of the work, when I got bigger and they too old. I used to watch them work, and didn't they work, too! And they were so careful, on guard against revenue officers. A ship used to come in, from where I neither knew nor cared; a well-shaded lamp was kept at the entrance of the cave which looked out on the sea; a certain

signal would be flashed from the ship which would then proceed to lower away barrels of stuffs into a boat and bring them ashore. Money would change hands, the boat would move silently off, without lights, and we would be left once more to ourselves. There being only two men, it was hard work to haul in the barrels and boxes; later it used to give me great delight to help them, since it was almost the only form of exercise I could get. Then the barrels were opened to see if they contained the right amount; they contained many different kinds of things, tea, coffee, glass-ware, paints, silks, etc. I could name many more. Then these two strange men, whom I came to look upon as my uncles, borrowed a horse and cart; after carrying the barrels up one by one on to a very rough road which they had made themselves, they carted them off to various places to sell. I hardly ever went with them, as I was left to take care of the cave. It was wonderful, I often thought, that, considering the roughness of the men's characters, how seldom they fought over dividing the money; but I always felt that of the two Robertson was the rougher and meaner. Wilson had a large heart and was always very kind to me, and it was with great regret that I saw him hanged, and my heart went out to the mob who tried to save him. One day an incident happened which completely changed the lives of all three of us. I was not feeling well that day and was lying on my rough couch. A ship had just been in, deposited her cargo, and gone off again. It was about ten o'clock on a rainy night, the two men were talking and smoking their pipes, while I was dozing. "See here, Terry," I heard Robertson say, "we can't go on with this job much longer. I want to spend the rest of my life in a peaceful cottage in my old 'ome town of Yarmouth and get a wife, if 'tis anyone would be good enough to take a liking to my old 'andsome face. D'ye remember, Terry, how when we were kids all the gals used to take a fancy to my 'andsome face?" "Aye, Bill, them was the times; but before we go back we'll have to wait a while we ain't collected enough chink yet, but 'twon't be long afore" At the moment a noise at the mouth of the cave made them turn their heads. Following their gaze I saw a young revenue officer with a pistol in each hand pointing straight at them. How he had traced them to the cave, which was a mile or more from the main road, is more than I can say; however, he was there. He had not noticed me huddled up in a corner, but Wilson, seeing his youth, resolved to play the old trick on him. With his hands above his head "Shoot, Charlie", he said in a loud whisper, looking at me; instinctively the officer glanced towards me; that sealed his fate. On Terry whispering the long agreed signal of "Down", both ducked, two bullets whistled over their heads. Robertson, seizing an old stool, hurled it with all his strength—strength obtained by hard labour. The velocity of the stool was not so great that one could not dodge it, but the young officer seemed to make only a half-hearted attempt. It caught him with a terrible thud on the side of the head, and all three of us felt sure it had split his skull. Terry and Bill hastily collected their few belongings of worth, thinking, I suppose, that the poor man was dead. Then, without even so much as a word of farewell to me, so great was their fear of being captured, they hurried out of the cave's mouth and were swallowed up in the darkness. I, rather at a loss what to do, so quickly had everything happened, got up and seizing the luckless revenue officer, dragged rather than carried him to my rough bed. Then I went outside and took a bucketful of our drinking water, from a barrel, left outside to catch the rain, and poured part down his throat and the rest on his face. He was a handsome young man of about my own age (I was about 22 years of age then),

of medium height and fair complexion; he wore the uniform of a revenue officer which suited him remarkably well. I soon found out that he was not dead. When I poured the water on him he shuddered, blinked and then opened his eyes, looking round him in a dazed way which was almost comical. Then I noticed something which would account for his inability to dodge the stool; the poor man was blind in his left eye, on which side the stool had hit him. I thought he must have lost his memory, for he never spoke. But suddenly with the greatest calmness he put the question to me, "Who was that blighter?" Struck by the coolness of the man I answered "Robertson, Bill Robertson." "Ah, I thought so", he said, and closing his eyes he went off to sleep as calmly as if nothing had happened. Seeing there was nothing left to do, I bound up his head with a wet rag and lay down; but it was a long while before I got to sleep. In the morning three other revenue officers entered the cave, having, I suppose, followed the young man's footsteps on the muddy road. "So this is where you are, Barton," said the first. "And who is this murdering ruffian here?" "If it had not been for him, Airdrie, I would have been left here to die," replied my patient. "It was that ruffian Robertson that nigh killed me." Thereupon he told them all that had happened to him. "Well, the only thing to be done is to get after them. Thank the Lord that it was a wet night, so we can still track them." At that the three, after I had given them a cup of tea to warm them up, tramped out. When, a few days later, Jim Barton was entirely himself again, finding no use in staying where we were, we set out for Edinburgh. Arrived there we went to the revenue headquarters and we were given a room on account of the service we had rendered; Barton, in discovering the cave, and I in helping him. He also was let off duty for a while. A few days later, when out for a walk by myself, some old gossip came up and told me that the two notorious smugglers Wilson and Robertson, had been captured and were even now at the Tolbooth church hearing the "condemned sermon", having previously been tried and sentenced to death. With fear and anger in my heart, for I had come to love these two men as a child loves his parents, I ran all the way to the Tolbooth church and was just in time to see Terry and Bill with four guards emerge from the church. Not wishing to be seen by them I mingled with the crowd, wondering what I could do to help them. A minute later I was shown that they had not lost any of their old spirit, for, hearing cries and pushing my way to the inner circle of the throng, I was just in time to see Terry seize two guards with his hands and one with his teeth while Bill, with his great strength, knocked down the fourth and escaped into the crowd who willingly made a path for him. But oh! how I wished it had been Terry who escaped; instead of that he was strongly guarded and taken to Grassmarket, where he was eventually executed.

It was just when he was about to be hanged, as you said, father, that the angry crowd attacked the city guard. My heart leaped for joy as I seized an old fallen sword and rushed about trying to help the people; but rifles won out. I only got a bullet through my shoulder, which was lucky. I remember seeing you, father, and rushing at you, but you, gaping like a madman, only cried out at me "My son, my son!" Wasn't I surprised. But all this came in your story. I was angry when I saw Wilson hanged, when it was Robertson who hit the officer; Wilson never touched him, but he died like a brave man for the fault of his friend."

"Yes, Charlie, if I had known at the time that those men saved your life, I would have tried to help them."

And Jim Barton, too, when he saw how Wilson's death had affected his by now bosom-friend, said, "I'd give a lot, Charlie, to undo what I've done just for your sake, but don't forget that if it hadn't been for me you would never have found your father."



A STORY OF THE ROLLER AND STROLLER BOYS

How the Stroller Boys found the Missing Jack.

By Douglas Johnston

Chapter 1

As the three Strollers strolled along the little back street of Broadway, arm in arm their keen minds warned them that they were being stalked, so they branched down a side street and turned cunningly—only to find that Broadway was deserted except for countless bootleggers and salesmen (American sailors) who are very well known to our merry trio. Thereupon James and Jake looked into a convenient window just long enough for Jack to be garrotted; and, although they jumped through the window and searched the garret frantically, they could not find their missing Jack.

Jake, however, hit the nail on the head when he said: "Our missing Jack has probably been kidnapped for stealing the Hindu priests' ideal, during the Indian Mutiny—over at the reservation." And with this bright remark he went on hitting nails.

"Then he is on his way to Mecca at this very minute," exploded James as he sat on a tack. And with one move (which move will come in very handy in the following chapters) James put his hand in the pocket of his plush vest and pulled out a packet of Stroller cigarettes. There were only two left, but sure enough, at the bottom of the package was the Hindu's ideal.

"Jack gave me that when he realized he had to be kidnapped," smirked James secretively. "Can you beat that?" James continued, when the spasm brought on by his swallowing his chewing gum had worn off.

"I sure can," sneered Jake, hanging the rug out of the window, "And we'll soon find Jack, as we're anybody's match." And to prove they were anybody's match they lighted their cigarettes—and for the first time in half an hour the Strollers were lit.

The dozen following chapters are of little interest to anybody except, perhaps, couples about to start their honeymoon, as they only deal with the Stroller Boys' prepara-

tions before setting out to search for the missing Jack. But anyone who would like to read them can obtain copies, absolutely free, from any Chemist or Druggist in the country—provided it is unlicensed—for the trifling sum of 49c. (U.S.A. \$3.99).

Chapter XIII

As the Stroller boys sped through the aerial wastes in their brand new half-cylinder Ford c-plane, they realized their task would be a difficult one, for, as James wittily remarked: "The number of 100 per cent. Americans living in America is small; but the number living abroad is enormous."

Just then they saw a shell, which had politely held off while James was speaking, approaching the Stroller boys' Ford at a fast clip. For a while they dodged this malicious shell, but, as they saw it was determined, they hid in a convenient cloud, whence they hurled insults at the puzzled shell. Safe in this hiding place they would breathe freely again, which they did, and nearly blew the cloud away. Then Jake took out his penknife and craftily cut a peep-hole in the bottom of the cloud. Upon finding that he was looking at the sky instead of at the ocean, he quickly reversed the Ford and the proceedings, and soon the Strollers were searching the sea for the cause of their predicament. And sure enough—there it was—an enormous battleship which must have nearly reached the 100 ton class.

"I bet you there are more than 50 sailors on that ship," challenged the reckless Jake.

"Aw, so's your old man," retorted James—and sure enough he was, as you will learn later.

After several days of waiting in this cloud, it started to rain, and as their hiding-place was fast disappearing they were forced to give themselves up to the shell, which had been patiently waiting outside all that time. Since it maliciously destroyed their c-plane, the Stroller boys had nothing left to do but fall into a convenient piece of Atlantic Ocean, which might have been placed there purposely for them—and yet again, it might have been put there especially for the fishes.

They had hardly touched this sharks' playground before they were hauled on board a cutter, which had left the cruiser directly the Strollers were seen hurtling through the sky and which had been waiting patiently since then. The jolly party then set out for the dreadnaught, which had anchored ten miles away in the Atlantic Ocean. When they arrived at the ship their old man, who was assistant stoker on board, embraced them both grimly and told them they had been mistaken for the famous Russian bandits, because James had the same coloured hair as one of them.

It appeared that the Russian plane had suddenly descended upon the capital city of Moravia and the Russians had held up the President of that country and kidnapped his daughter, the charming Titina. Then they disappeared and no more had been seen of them; but now, every nation in the world was searching for the missing girl in the district of the equator (there having been a newspaper rumour that the Russians had fled to the North Pole).

Having been presented with another aeroplane, which had been placed on board especially for such an event, the happy-go-lucky Strollers set out again and eventually reached Palestine after many similar incidents and accidents.

Chapter XIV

In Jerusalem for the first time they met with bad luck. An enterprising Jew, who was collecting material with which to start a 5-10 and 15 cts. store in that city, stole their aeroplane while it was parked outside the Stroller Boys' hotel. Because of this mishap, which the boys waved aside in their characteristic manner, they were forced to set out on foot for Mecca; but the camels' feet soon wearied and they were forced to walk on their own feet, which they knew how to do very well as they were far from expert dancers. Soon they reached an oasis, where they were immediately attacked by a mob of Arabs who had been lying in wait for them ever since they left America. The Strollers, however, fooled them by pulling out that move which had been hidden in James' vest in the first chapter, and made a clean getaway. Many times after that they were attacked by Bedouins or Arabs, but each time, with the aid of their move, they fooled these hostile bands.

When they came in sight of Mecca, after many eventful days, Jake pulled some Arab disguises out of his hip pocket, and soon the two Strollers were what they had never expected to be—no, not even in their wildest dreams—they were Sheiks. In these disguises it was easy for the Strollers to enter the city, where the people were at prayer. Running over the Arabs' bended backs they soon reached the Datestone Inn which they entered triumphantly. When they had signed their names in the register, and when the bellboy who had carried their valises upstairs had been tiplessly disposed of by throwing him out of the window, the Strollers, clad in immaculate evening dress, determined to delay no longer in their search for Jack and the beautiful Titina, whom they had learnt was imprisoned in the garret. They jumped on the moving staircase and, after ascending three stories, the garret was reached. James jumped off, but Jake slept on and was hurled down the shaft, head first, onto the cement floor of the basement 100 feet below; this woke him up.

Meanwhile, James rushed into Titina's prison-room, and having killed Lenin and Trotsky (for the Russian bandits were none other than these freedom-loving boys) he jumped out of the window with the beautiful Titina in his arms. Fortunately he had a parachute in his pocket, and he opened it out so that they landed safely. From thence he ran into the garage and brought the aeroplane out. Everything was ready for escape—they had only to wait for Jake and Jack.

Jake had found Jack lying bound and gagged in a barrel. Having freed him, Jake set to work on the wall with his penknife and soon made a hole big enough for them to walk through. Jack had recovered consciousness by now and managed to gurgle "It's Jake!" And with this sly remark he jumped through the hole followed by Jake. Outside they joined James and Titina, and the four flew away to Moravia which they reached three hours later. James was there married to Titina, and next year became President of Moravia. The other two continued their search for adventure; and they will be heard of again.

(The next story of Jack and Jake will be entitled "Lost on the Sahara, or How the Stroller Boys found a place to Park their Ford.")

LOST

(By P. B. Coristine, Fourth Form)

Dick Strang smiled to himself as he threaded his way through the dense African jungle.

He was lost, hopelessly lost; that morning he had started out at sunrise to hunt—he had gone on and on without seeing anything worth shooting at, until he had tried to remember in which direction the camp lay. That had been almost ten o'clock, and now the sun was sinking towards the west, he could just catch glimpses of it through the foliage overhead. He had fired off several shots in the hope of his friends hearing them, but no answering shots had come.

He looked round for a place in which he could pass the night, and finally selected a large tree of a species with which he was not familiar, and climbing up into it tried to make himself comfortable. For a while he could not get to sleep, fancying he heard rustlings in the undergrowth and in the surrounding trees, but at last he dropped off into a dreamless slumber.

It seemed to him that he had just got off to sleep when he was roughly awakened to find the tree swarming with men. Two of them had slipped a noose over his legs and drawn it tight, while two more were tying his arms to his sides. He tried to struggle, but being unable to use his arms and legs he could do very little. They lifted him down out of the tree and laid him at its foot, then they all gathered round and examined him. The appearance of the natives was wild in the extreme, their hair was long and unkempt, their foreheads sloped back and their chins projected to such an extent that it gave them a hideous appearance. Their noses were flat and their nostrils wide, their eyes very small and deep set, and their ears large.

For about five minutes they stood there and chattered, then one who was evidently their chief, gave an order and immediately Dick was picked up by four of them, who set off as quickly as possible, followed by the rest. All night they carried him, until just as the sun was beginning to rise they stopped on the edge of a great swamp. They loosened his hands a little to enable him to eat some fruit and a few meal cakes, and then after resting a short time they set off across the swamp, at the other side of which was a low range of hills.

Although anyone unacquainted with the swamp could not have gone ten yards, yet the natives seemed quite at home, and their speed was scarcely diminished. After travelling for over an hour they reached the opposite side of the swamp, where they again stopped for rest and some of the men slept. By the time they started again the sun was only a little way above the horizon but still Dick's captors showed no sign of stopping for the night. When they arrived at the top of the hill, however, Dick saw the reason why, for in a little valley between two hills nestled a group of huts surrounded by a palisade.

As they drew near the village crowds of people issued forth to gaze upon the strange procession. Soon Dick saw a messenger emerge from the main gate of the palisade and



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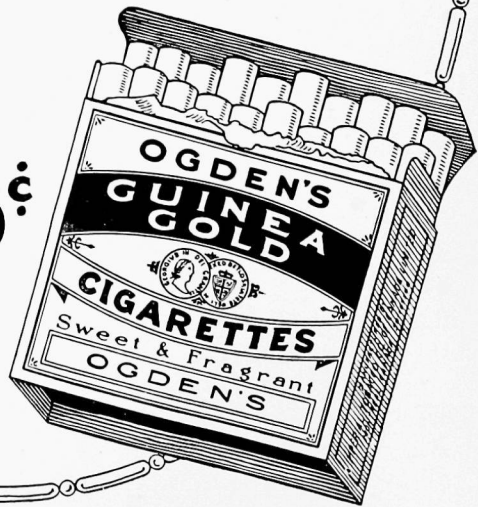
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come swiftly towards them. When he was near enough to be heard he shouted something, and immediately the carriers broke into a run.

As soon as they reached the village Dick was brought before the chief in a large hut standing apart in the middle of a clearing in the centre of the village. The party by whom he had been captured were a hunting party, who, hearing the shots he fired, had followed him and afterwards overpowered him.

After the chief had made several attempts to talk to him, he signed to the guards, who seized Dick by the arms and marched him into a small hut on the outskirts of the village, where they left him after posting a sentinel at the door. Dick could not sleep, but lay and listened to the noises of the village, until one by one they died away. Then at last he slept, but by that time it was getting on to the small hours of the morning.

He was awakened by being hauled to his feet and conducted to the clearing in the centre of the village by the same two guards who had conducted him to his hut the preceding night. He was led to the large clearing before the chief's hut, in front of which a large stake had been driven into the ground. To this stake Dick was tied, while the two natives disappeared into a small hut. In a moment they reappeared, one carrying a wooden pail, the other a large box. The first walked to a spot directly in front of the chief's house, while the other set his box on the ground. The first then began to empty from his pail something that looked to Dick very much like glue. This he poured from the front of the chief's hut as far as the stake. Then the second man set his box on the ground beside the trail of treacle, and opened a trap in the top of it. Immediately swarms of ants poured out and attacked the treacle vigorously.

At last Dick saw what they intended to do. When the ants reached him they would kill him slowly.

Gradually the ants advanced along the treacle; nearer and nearer they came until Dick thought he would go mad with suspense.

Suddenly a low droning noise made itself heard. The natives looked around uneasily but could see nothing. Only Dick guessed what it was, and looking up into the sky saw a speck growing bigger and bigger. Soon it grew into what looked to the natives like a monster bird. Nearer it came until suddenly through the roar of the aeroplane's engines Dick heard the crack of a revolver shot and the chief crumbled up in a heap. Instantly all was confusion, men and women running hither and thither in panic, seeking refuge.

At last the plane came to a stop after running along the ground a little way. A man leaped out with a revolver in his hand. Quickly he cut Dick's bonds, who sank to the ground with an exclamation of pain as the blood began to circulate in his veins. It did not take him long, however, to make his way to the machine and climb in behind the pilot, whose name was Jack Fenton.

It appeared that the pilot had been prospecting with a friend. He had been forced to land because of engine trouble, and his friend had ventured into the jungle and been killed by a snake. As soon as Jack had fixed his engine he had started back, flying low in case of further trouble. It was while doing this that he had come upon the preceding scene, in the nick of time.

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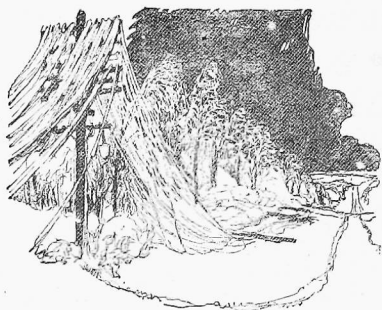
Sir Henry Lorne was in a bad financial state. His chief worry was that unless the sum of £80,000 was delivered to Messrs. Thomson & Rathburn by the 31st of December, the house, lands, and all that was on them were to be sold by auction. In despair Sir Henry had tried every means of raising money, but in vain. He at last decided to look around the house and see if it suggested any way of repaying his debt. The last place he looked over was the old Hall, which was a long, high, dark room with an immense stone fireplace at one end. Just then Sir Henry's pipe went out, and while stretching out his hand for a box of matches lying on the mantelpiece he slipped and fell into the grate. In falling he tried to clutch the mantel, but his hand only knocked against the panelling and caused a slip of paper to fall from behind. Sir Henry noticed it and tried to see what was written on it, but could not. Then he took it into another room and read it. This is how it ran:—*"I, Captain Lorne, having had my ship sunk and my crew murdered, have wandered around the north coast of S. America and having gone up the Amazon, found in Longitude....., Latitute....., a vast treasure. I have brought enough back to live on comfortably. My daughter, however, who is my only child, shall never hear of this treasure, because while I was away she married my greatest enemy. But should my brother's son or his descendants ever come back here, I hope that they will find this."*

* * * *

It was a perfect day for sailing, the sea was calm and the wind was fair. Sir Henry had managed to persuade his relative, Mr. Paddon, to come with him in quest of the treasure. They set out on Mr. Haddon's yacht with Vincent Manners and Tommy Boroughes, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 19th of September. They remained a week in Valparaiso and then set out. After travelling a week on horseback they reached the first important landmark on their journey. This was a small waterfall near the beginning of the jungle. Two more weeks brought them in sight of the treasure's hiding place. In front of them towered a high mountain which was very bare at the top and very steep to climb. However, Sir Henry was eager to go ahead, so the party at last reached the top, doing it in really quick time. When they reached the summit, Vincent was the means of finding the treasure; he fell into a hole in the ground and disappeared. They all ran to him and crept into the hole. It was a large cave and in it were two large chests of gold and jewels. You can imagine Sir Henry's delight at seeing here the end of his financial worries.

While everyone else was admiring the treasure, Sir Henry filled a sack from the chests and took it outside and left it with the other baggage.

They prepared supper outside, but no sooner had they begun when the earth shook and the cave fell in, leaving the treasure under tons of rock and earth. It was impossible to uncover it, as there were no tools of any kind. So with the sack of treasure which Sir Henry had taken, the party set out for Valparaiso. They arrived on the 29th of October and left the next day at noon. They reached London on the 19th of December and had the treasure valued. It was worth £100,500 and while Sir Henry took the £80,000 he needed, the remainder was divided between the rest. Lorne Manor is still in the hands of Sir Henry Lorne, who, I think, is seriously considering another expedition to bring back the remainder of the treasure; but his wife is reluctant to let him go.



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(By Peter MacDougall and Robert Davis—Preparatory School).

About the year 1803, I, Jack Landen, asked the captain of the ship Georgia, who had come into the port while I was staying with my uncle, to go aboard, as both my mother and father had died. He said "no" as I was only about 14 years old. That night I stowed myself away with a few rations in one of the life boats. I was discovered about two days later when there was a storm and they were filling the life boats with food.

The captain discovered me, and the next day when the storm had abated, and we were passing a small Island, he put me on it with some food and matches.

I was looking round the island when I discovered a small cave near a little stream on the north shore of the island. I discovered a skeleton of a man and a small metal box; in it was this letter:—

*"If you walk 20 paces to the right of the stream keeping northwards,
you will find a small clump of ferns and if you dig in the centre
of them you will find a small powder keg of pearls."*

This came very sudden to me. It was getting dark so I decided to cook something to eat and then go to sleep. I woke up early the next morning, and as soon as I got up, I started to dig for the pearls. I soon found them. There were about two thousand of them.

The next day when I was exploring the island, I saw in a clearing of trees a little hut of wood. I went inside and saw a girl of about my own age lying on a wooden couch. She was startled by my appearance, but I soon told her who I was and how I got there. I also told her of the man I had seen in the cave, and she said that it must be someone from the wrecked ship, also stranded on this island. She then told me her name was Jean Maclean.

I stayed on the island for about a week, when I woke up one morning I saw a ship not very far off. I lit a bon-fire, and they sent a life boat with some sailors.

It happened to be that the captain of the ship was an old friend of my father, and when I got home he wisely took the treasure from me, with my uncle's permission, and put it in a bank, and I have lived on the money all my life.

Of course, Jean Maclean came with us, and I often see her and talk over the adventure. Some day I'm going to marry her.

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AN ADVENTURE

(By Philip Davis—Preparatory School)

I was the youngest of the family, but by far the best swordsman. My elder brother had a quarrel with the Duke of Gordon, a powerful noble in England. The Duke had killed him in a duel and I took up the quarrel. We were to meet at St. Albans with our seconds and he was to bring a doctor. Mounting my horse early the next morning, my friend and I travelled by slow stages towards London and from there to St. Albans. As we were passing a lonely lane we heard a cry for help and clashing of swords; dismounting we ran to the rescue; rounding a corner we beheld a gentleman with his back to the wall attacked by seven or eight ruffians armed with sword and dagger. One of the ruffians lay on the ground while another was holding his wrist. With a cry we rushed in and took our stand by his side; running one through, we made our presence felt. My friend had already killed one, and with a cry the rest of the ruffians took to their heels and fled. I was just in time to catch the gentleman who had fainted. Taking out my flask I forced a drop between his lips while we rubbed his legs and arms to restore circulation. He came round in a few minutes and rose to his feet a little unsteadily. He had lost a great deal of blood and he had a dangerous looking slash high up on his shoulder. "Who have I to thank for this timely aid," said the stranger. He was well dressed, about the average height, and with clear blue eyes. "I am Sir Richard Fry," said I. "I am very glad to have saved the life of so noble a gentleman, for assuredly you would have been dead had those ruffians wrought their will." "I am the Duke of Gordon", said the stranger, "and you are the gentleman I was to meet at St. Albans." "The same," I said. "But the circumstances must make us friends," said the Duke, "and so I hope that you will cancel your enmity. If so, I will and we will part the best of friends."



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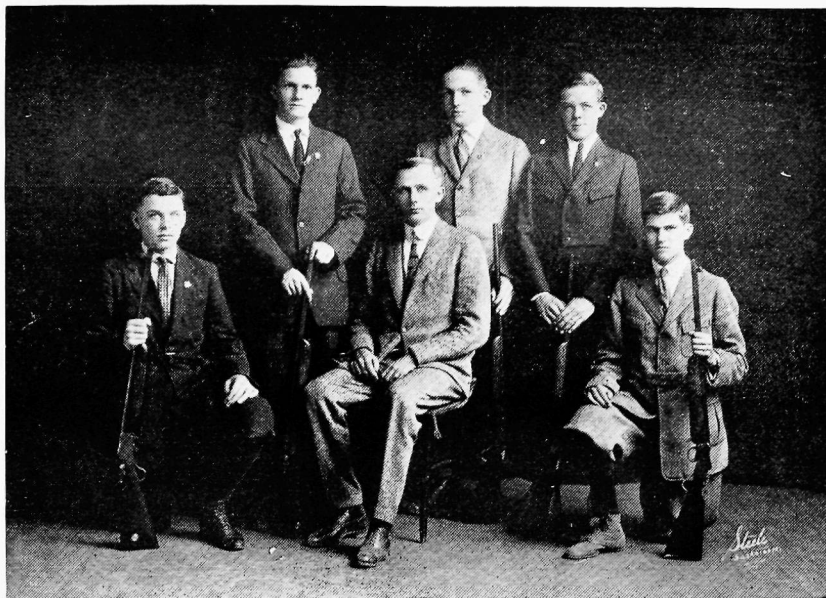
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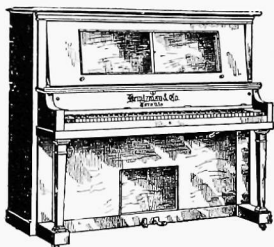
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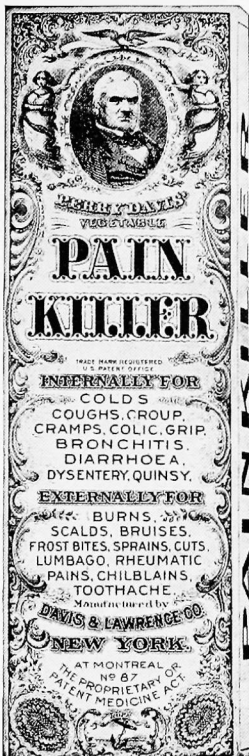


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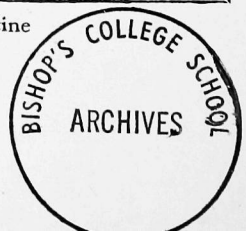
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